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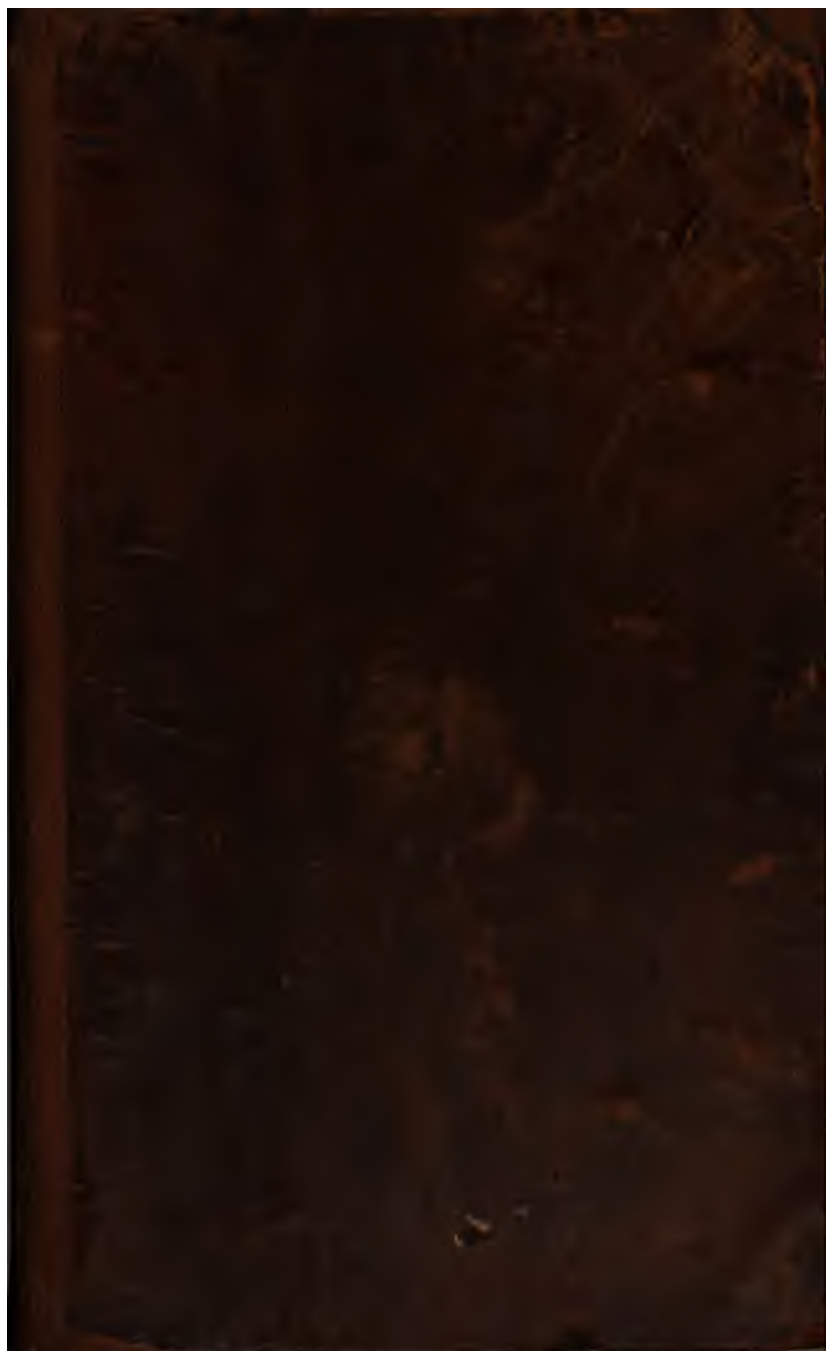
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C A R O L I N E

OF

L I C H T F I E L D.

---



C A R O L I N E

OF

L I C H T F I E L D ;

A N O V E L.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

---

Idole d'un cœur juste, & passion du Sage,  
Amitié, que ton nom soutienne cet ouvrage ;  
Règne dans mes écrits, ainsi que dans mon cœur,  
Tu m'appris à connoître, à sentir, le bonheur.

VOLTAIRE.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

V O L. II.

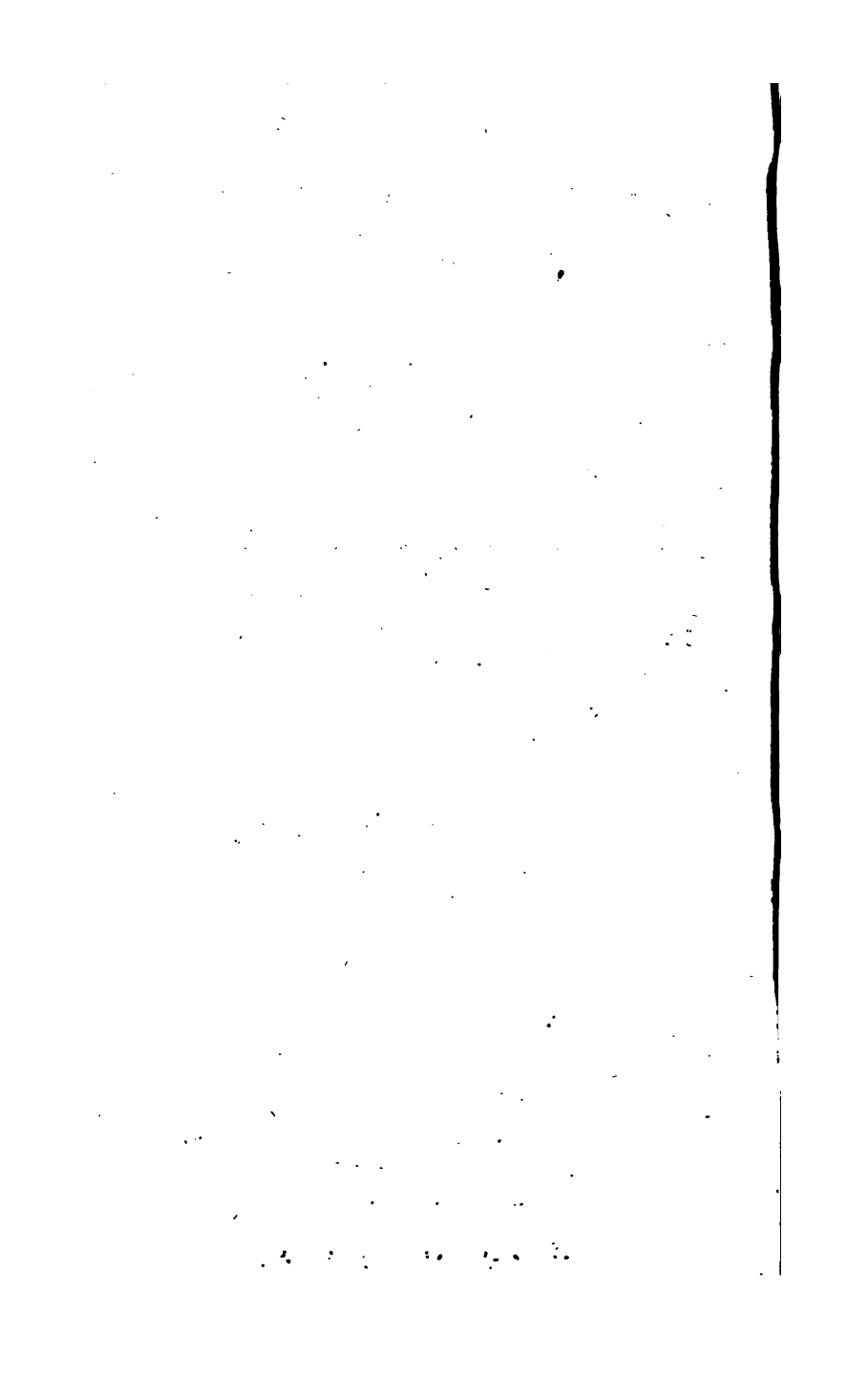
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# C A R O L I N E

O F

L I C H T F I E L D .

---

“ **A**LL my rage instantly vanished. I  
“ cast the murderous pistol from  
“ me ; and, running up to my friend, en-  
“ deavoured, with my handkerchief, to stop  
“ the blood that bubbled from the wound.  
“ One ball had struck him on the face, and,  
“ he said, he thought he felt a wound in  
“ the knee, but was convinced that neither  
“ of them were mortal. I dragged him to  
“ the tree, and placed him against it, where  
“ I gave him all the succour in my power ;

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“ for

“ for I was so totally beside myself that I  
“ had even forgot the farm, which was not  
“ forty paces distant. I remembered not  
“ so much as the cause of this miserable  
“ affair; at that moment of horror the  
“ danger of Walftein was all I remem-  
“ bered : I kneeled behind him ; he leaned  
“ against my breast, and, notwithstanding  
“ the universal tremor of my limbs, I  
“ bound up his wound with our two hand-  
“ kerchiefs.

“ No sooner had I finished than recollec-  
“ tion suddenly returned. “ Oh God,”  
“ said I, “ Wretch ! accursed wretch that  
“ I am ! it is I who have committed this  
“ dreadful, this murderous act.” My groans  
“ could not find utterance. I hid my face  
“ in the dust, and added nothing but inar-  
“ ticulate cries and exclamations.

“ Lindorf,”

“Lindorf,” said the poor wounded Wal-  
 stein, “Dear Lindorf, be calm, listen to  
 me. There is one way, still, of repair-  
 ing your wrongs, of preserving, nay, even,  
 of augmenting my friendship. Yes,  
 dearer shall you be to me than ever, if  
 you will pledge your honour to perform  
 what I am going to request.”

“I had no doubt but it was to renounce  
 Louisa, but the atrocious crime I had  
 committed had wrought so instant a re-  
 volution in my feelings that I did not  
 hesitate a moment to promise, by the  
 most sacred oaths, to perform all he  
 should require.

“Well, then,” said the most generous  
 of men, “I require, absolutely, without  
 reserve, that this affair, for ever, remain

4 CAROLINE OF

“ a secret between you and I; happily,  
“ no one has seen us; let me tell the story  
“ my own way; and, beware, Lindorf,  
“ how thou contradictest me. Thou hast  
“ sworn, and, I repeat, on this condition,  
“ only, can I pardon and love thee still. A  
“ sole word will for ever deprive you of  
“ my friendship.”

“ I would have spoken, but sobs and  
“ groans prevented me. I could only take  
“ his hand and press it to my heart, which  
“ was rent by the most cruel remorse. In  
“ despite of all my cares the wound con-  
“ tinued to bleed; Walstein, with my aid,  
“ endeavoured to rise, but he soon per-  
“ ceived the wound in his knee was much  
“ worse than he had supposed. One of the  
“ balls had taken a different direction, and,  
“ we feared, the knee-pan was wounded,  
“ for

L I C H T F I E L D. 5

“for he could not bear the least weight on  
“it, but again sunk down on the ground.

“I detested, I cursed, I prayed, I al-  
“most shrieked with agony, I prostrated  
“myself at the feet of my friend, while he  
“continued to yield me every consola-  
“tion.

“At last, said he, “go to the farm,  
“and endeavour to get assistance; you  
“will there find a proof that I was not, as  
“you have supposed, the basest of men.  
“Go, but remember your oath; if you  
“break it, I never will see you more.”

“I could not reply, but ran to the  
“farm, and, as I precipitately entered,  
“immediately beheld an explanation of  
“the conduct of Walstein, and irrefragable

“ reasons for holding my own in still more  
“ utter, more damnable abhorrence ! O !  
“ pardon—Mine was the guilt of fiends !  
“ The shepherd, Justin, new clothed, was  
“ seated beside Louisa, holding one of her  
“ hands between his, while she was leaning  
“ on his shoulder, and looking up at him  
“ with every speaking sensation that ten-  
“ derness and happiness could inspire. The  
“ old man, Josselin, sat opposite to them,  
“ contemplating a scene so affecting to the  
“ heart, and holding the purse the Count  
“ had given Louisa, and which I had sup-  
“ posed the price of her dishonour. On  
“ the table was another, equally large.  
“ Every circumstance was a dagger to my  
“ heart, and, insensate as I had been, de-  
“ voured by passion, I can solemnly attest  
“ that remorse, bitter, inexpressible, and al-  
“ most intolerable, was the only feeling of  
“ which I was conscious, or capable.

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! my friends,” said I, as I entered ;  
 “ come with me, fly to succour the Count ;  
 “ he is here, just by, wounded ; come, in-  
 “ stantly.” My sudden appearance, my  
 “ paleness, the blood on my clothes, and  
 “ the intelligence I brought, were each a  
 “ subject of terror.—“ Good God !” ex-  
 “ claimed Louisa and Justin, “ our dear  
 “ benefactor wounded !”

“ I led them to the place where I had  
 “ left the Count. Pain, and the loss of  
 “ blood, had so enfeebled him that he was  
 “ almost insensible. Louisa ran for water,  
 “ and vinegar. He came a little to him-  
 “ self, and, with difficulty, related that a  
 “ pistol, with which he had been amusing  
 “ himself, having burst as he fired it, had  
 “ occasioned all this disaster, and that my  
 “ coming by was the effect of chance.



8 CAROLINE OF

“ It was necessary to bear him to the  
“ Chateau, and Justin flew to the farm,  
“ and brought back a kind of hurdle, and  
“ a mattress, on which he was laid. Justin,  
“ in the prime of youth, and animated by  
“ gratitude, not, like me, weighed down  
“ by guilt, was most useful and active.  
“ Louisa and her aged father gave us all  
“ the assistance in their power, and we  
“ began our march. It was long, and  
“ most painful ; and, as we proceeded, several  
“ things that Justin and Louisa said  
“ to each other gave me to understand they  
“ had long been lovers, and that the  
“ Count, that very day, had removed every  
“ obstacle to their union, by giving Justin  
“ a considerable farm, at his estate of Wal-  
“ stein, under the sole condition that they  
“ should marry, immediately depart, and  
“ that Josselin should go with them.

“ Criminal,

“ Criminal, indeed, most criminal, did  
 “ this relation make me ; but my passion  
 “ for Louisa was so perfectly cured by this  
 “ dreadful event, that I heard, even with,  
 “ a kind of horrid pleasure, she was to be,  
 “ gone, and that I should see her no more !

“ We arrived, at length, at the Chateau ;  
 “ and the hurdle being placed in the hall,  
 “ and servants called to assist, my first care,  
 “ was to take a horse, and ride, with all  
 “ possible speed, to the next town in search  
 “ of surgeons. It was more than three  
 “ leagues distant. I made, however, so  
 “ much haste that I returned with them  
 “ by dusk. I found every person in the  
 “ most fearful consternation. The manner in  
 “ which my father received me, tenderly em-  
 “ bracing me, melting in tears, and praising  
 “ my zeal, proved that he was totally igno-

“rant of the part I had had in this dread-  
 “ful affair. His despair was such that, had  
 “he known it, he certainly could not have  
 “survived such tenfold addition of misery.  
 “The recollection of this, more than my  
 “oath, kept me silent ; but I may truly say  
 “the silence was a burthen to my heart, and  
 “that nothing could so effectually have  
 “given it ease as to have proclaimed my  
 “guilt, and thus have rendered me as de-  
 “testable to the whole world as I was to  
 “myself.

“The surgeon, after the operation of  
 “extracting the balls, and probing the  
 “wounds of Walfstein, declared they were  
 “not mortal, but that, it was to be feared,  
 “he would lose one eye, and the use of his  
 “leg; and they even spoke of amputation.  
 “The Count, who somewhat doubted of  
 “their

“ their skill, resolutely opposed this, and  
 “ sustained, with fortitude almost incredible,  
 “ the dressing of the wounds, and the afflict-  
 “ ing intelligence they had communicated.  
 “ I could not support being present ; but,  
 “ when the surgeons had done, I again en-  
 “ tered his chamber, and solemnly swore  
 “ never to quit it but in company with  
 “ Walsstein. I know not how it happened  
 “ that my excessive grief did not betray our  
 “ secret. It was, indeed, most profound.  
 “ My tears flowed continually ; while the  
 “ suffering victim of my hateful crime, un-  
 “ ceasingly, endeavoured to calm and com-  
 “ fort me. He said, and protested, that he  
 “ looked on the event as fortunate ; that  
 “ his inclination and abilities had always  
 “ rather led him to study than to a mili-  
 “ tary life ; that he had devoted himself to  
 “ the latter in obedience to his father and

his King; and that he should be exceedingly glad of so fair a pretext to forsake it, and yield to his love of literature and political and legislative researches. "Beside," added he, "you are now cured of your passion; the remedy, it is true, has been somewhat violent, but it has had its effect, and I most unfeignedly return Heaven thanks for all that has passed."

"Yes, it had had its effects; but I should ill deserve the sublime friendship of Walstein if I did not lament and execrate them everlastingly. I was cured of my love; for, three weeks after this misfortune had happened, I heard, without the least emotion, unless it were an emotion of joy, from the mouth of Justin, who came every day to inquire concerning the health of his benefactor, that he had married  
" Louisa,

“ Louisa, and that they were ready to de-  
 “ part for their new habitation.

“ The Count, now entered circumstan-  
 “ tially on that subject: delicacy had, hither-  
 “ to, kept him silent; but, solicited by me,  
 “ he informed me that the morrow after the  
 “ visit we had together paid at the farm,  
 “ alarmed by the violence of my passion,  
 “ he most seriously reflected on the means of  
 “ avoiding effects so fatal; that his serjeant  
 “ brought him a young man whom he had  
 “ just enlisted; this was the poor Justin;  
 “ his handsome person, intelligent coun-  
 “ tenance, and profound melancholy, gained  
 “ the attention of the Count, and he ques-  
 “ tioned him concerning what induced him  
 “ to enlist. The sincere and simple Justin  
 “ did not endeavour to disguise his motives.  
 “ —Passionately enamoured of Louisa, her  
 “ lover

“lover for several years, but without the  
“least ray of hope, rejected by Josselin,  
“menaced by Fritz, he wished only to die;  
“but he wished to die like a brave fellow,  
“combating the enemies of his King.—  
“I should die all the same,” said he, “with  
“grief, at seeing Louisa the wife of ano-  
“ther; and this misfortune must be mine,  
“for her father has sworn I shall never be  
“her husband.”

“The Count asked him if he were be-  
“loved by Louisa. “To be sure, I cer-  
“tainly am,” answered he; “if I were not,  
“I might not, perhaps, have been true to  
“her for so long a time. But, poor dear  
“Louisa! I yesterday saw her never to see  
“her again, and we both wept so much  
“at parting that we thought we should have  
“died with grief.”

“I recol-

“ I recollect, dear Lindorf,” said the  
 “ Count, “ that when you first took me  
 “ to see Louisa her melancholy struck us  
 “ both.”

“ But, I hope,” continued Justin, “ that,  
 “ when I am gone, Louisa will be less un-  
 “ happy ; her father and her brother, in  
 “ particular, ill treat her every day on my  
 “ account ; and that is the reason why I am  
 “ determined to become a soldier. I wish,  
 “ indeed indeed I do, she may forget me ;  
 “ but her I shall never forget ; no never  
 “ never to my dying day.”

“ Walstein was extremely affected by  
 “ the sincerity, honest intentions, and pas-  
 “ sion of Justin ; and, instantly, conceived  
 “ the project of rendering two lovers happy,  
 “ and rescuing me from the worst of dan-  
 “ gers.



gers. He mentioned nothing of his intentions to Justin, being first desirous to speak to Louisa and know if he had told him the exact truth. He went twice to the farm before he could find her alone, but watched his opportunity so well that at last he spoke to her in private. He had little difficulty in bringing her to confess her love for Justin ; her heart was full of nothing else ; and she had done nothing but weep since he had enlisted. She was desirous of recommending him to the Count ; and, therefore, glad of finding him alone, she told him their love for each other had commenced long before the death of her mother ; that ever since she had each day gone to meet him at the pasturage, and Justin had taught himself to play on the flageolet, purposely that he might not only give her  
“ the

“ the signal to come and join him, but ac-  
 “ company her likewise when she sung.  
 “ To gain her favour, also, he had learned  
 “ to make basket-work, spinning-wheels,  
 “ bobbins, to twine the osier, and to carve  
 “ in wood. Louisa shewed the Count two  
 “ little groups of his sculpture exceedingly  
 “ well carved, the one representing Louisa,  
 “ and the other Justin himself, seated at  
 “ her feet; both the figures were sufficiently  
 “ like to be known. In another carving,  
 “ still better executed, the young shepherd  
 “ was combating a large wolf; for it was  
 “ for the sake of Louisa, also, that he had  
 “ first given proofs of his courage, by kil-  
 “ ling the wolf which was bearing off one  
 “ of the sheep of Josselin.

“ How might the tender and grateful  
 “ Louisa refuse yielding her heart to him  
 “ who

"who so well had merited the gift ! " Yes,  
 " my Lord," said she, to the Count, with  
 " all the enthusiasm of sensibility, " I love  
 " him with my whole soul, and shall for  
 " ever love him, though I never should see  
 " him more.—One hope, alas, we had, one  
 " sole hope. I often said to Justin, when  
 " he bewailed his poverty, " be comforted,  
 " dear Justin, only wait till our young mas-  
 " ter returns, he will speak for us to his  
 " father, and, I am well persuaded, will  
 " have us married. Our young master is  
 " returned, but—

" Louisa stopped—" Finish what you  
 " had to say," said the Count.—" I very  
 " well perceive," said she, blushing, and  
 " looking down, " I was wrong ; and I  
 " should even be very sorry, at present, if  
 " he knew I loved Justin ; for my brother  
 " has

“ has assured me he would kill him, imme-  
 “ diately. When Justin is out of his  
 “ reach, I then will tell him, the first time  
 “ I see him ; and, if he wishes to kill one  
 “ of us, let it be me.”

“ Walstein comforted Louisa, promised  
 “ her she should soon be happy, that Justin  
 “ belonged to him, at present ; he might  
 “ dispose of him, and he would make him  
 “ the husband of Louisa. Scarcely could  
 “ she believe what she heard; and the very  
 “ hope appeared but like a dream. Wal-  
 “ stein, however, assured her it should be  
 “ realized, immediately, for that he had  
 “ spoken to Justin, and that he would di-  
 “ rectly speak to Josselin.

“ It was that very day, dear Lindorf,”  
 “ continued the Count, “ when, after  
 “ having

“having arranged every thing with the  
“young shepherd, after having enjoyed  
“the purest of pleasures, and spoken to  
“Joffelin concerning the marriage of his  
“children, that I found you kneeling to  
“Louisa. The poor girl, conscious of  
“what I had been doing, and who was  
“waiting for me with all the impatience of  
“love, was exceedingly ashamed of being  
“surprised with you in that manner. I  
“confess, I, also, was disconcerted, inso-  
“much that I scarcely could conceal my  
“feelings; which, perhaps, first gave rise  
“to your suspicions. I myself was not free  
“from them; I was fearful lest Louisa had  
“deceived both Justin and me; lest you  
“and she understood each other; and,  
“anxious to know the truth, questioned  
“you. Your answer was but half satisfac-  
“tory; it, however, convinced me of the  
“great

“ great danger you were in, and that, at all  
 “ events, it was necessary to tear from you  
 “ the object of that passion to which you  
 “ were ready to sacrifice every moral duty.  
 “ You may remember, Lindorf, I, in part,  
 “ informed you of the love of Justin for  
 “ Louisa; imagining that, perhaps, your  
 “ passion would decrease if you knew the  
 “ love of Louisa was divided. Had you  
 “ received this intelligence with more mo-  
 “ deration, I then should have told you all;  
 “ but your phrenzy was too visible. Rea-  
 “ son had lost every hold over your mind,  
 “ and your actions had somewhat convul-  
 “ sive about them that made me shudder.  
 “ I saw this was not the proper opportunity  
 “ to proceed further. I had said too much,  
 “ and all I had to do was to smother the  
 “ fire I had kindled.

“ I, there-

“ I, therefore, endeavoured to calm your  
 “ mind, bring you to yourself, and promised  
 “ to make farther inquiries; hoping, there-  
 “ by, to gain time for Louisa and Justin to  
 “ depart, and thus prevent your rash pro-  
 “ ject of marriage or elopement. In order  
 “ to hasten the wedding, I went the next  
 “ morning to Joffelin; after having told you  
 “ where I was going, purposely that you  
 “ might not come and interrupt our con-  
 “ versation. I was alone with Louisa only  
 “ for a moment, but this was enough to  
 “ convince me of the wrong I had done  
 “ her, by suspecting any concerted treachery  
 “ between her and you. The idea had tor-  
 “ mented her all night, and her inquietude,  
 “ grief, and ingenuous answers removed  
 “ every remaining doubt.

“ She left the room as her father entered.  
 “ I spoke first of my recruits; and, taking

"out the life, and we will be content." Then

"I came to that old justice, and he said

"man was highly pleased. ————"

"he," "is that justice?" "Justice"

"puffed? We shall see the result."

"Know what I have, justice?" "Yes,"

"I will have no justice, it is my opinion."

"and I will give him no justice."

"Oh! do not do this, my friend, for

"Lord," replied justice. "The justice of"

"ought to speak with me, and justice"

"you, and not have justice. I have,

"for there is not as justice. Justice"

"whole village, and is the justice. Justice"

"better fellow. He will make justice"

"killing just as well, you may suppose."

"what he would do with a man. ————"

"cannot have a better fellow, but I will



“you the truth,” added he, lowering his  
 “voice, “he has taken it into his head to  
 “fall in love with our Louisa, and the poor  
 “little fool, with consent or without con-  
 “sent, would fain marry him; a fellow  
 “without a shilling, educated by charity;  
 “but, no, I would rather follow her to the  
 “grave. God be praised ! He must, now,  
 “soon leave the country, and I hope we  
 “shall never hear of him more. And,  
 “yet, it is a pity too ; for he took great  
 “care of all our flocks ; he saved me a fine  
 “sheep ; and the lad wants neither courage  
 “nor ingenuity.—If it was not for that  
 “devilish love.”

“And do you not wish to marry Louisa,  
 “to console her for the absence of Justin ?”

“Ah ! would to Heaven she was mar-  
 “ried. Girls are nothing but torment. I

“no

" no sooner find myself relieved, on one  
 " hand, than I am attacked, on the other.  
 " Our young Baron is always haunting,  
 " now, about the house: so long as she had  
 " her Justin she was well guarded. I did not  
 " stand on ceremony with him; but, at pre-  
 " sent, I do not know what may happen ;  
 " for I cannot forbid my young master my  
 " house as I did Justin ; and, then, one can-  
 " not always be at home. I should be happy  
 " if I could but see her once well settled,  
 " but there is not the least appearance of it.  
 " The people of our village are all poor,  
 " and Louisa is not rich."

" Well, Josselin, if you consent, I myself  
 " will marry her to one of my farmers ; an  
 " honest young man and above want. He  
 " possesses a good grass farm, on my estate  
 " at Walstein ; some days journey from this  
 Vol. II. C " place;

“ place ; larger, I believe, than this of  
“ yours ; and, as I esteem him very much,  
“ I will give him a purse of fifty ducats, on  
“ the wedding day, and as much to your  
“ daughter, to defray the expence of the  
“ nuptials, and begin house-keeping. If  
“ you think this a proper match say so, and  
“ it is a bargain.”

“ Josselin, all amazement, would have  
“ fallen prostrate. “ A proper match ! my  
“ Lord,” said he ; “ I cannot forbear weep-  
“ ing with joy and gratitude. All my fear  
“ is lest he should not fancy Louisa ; and if  
“ he should hear of her love for Justin”—

“ Fear nothing, he will not be jealous.  
“ Justin is his friend, and the more Louisa  
“ shall love her husband the happier will  
“ Justin be.”

“ The

“ The good old Joffelin opened his eyes,  
 “ staring, as it were, after the meaning of  
 “ what I had said. An explanation, there-  
 “ fore, was necessary; and this threw him  
 “ into still greater astonishment. But he  
 “ the more joyfully confirmed his consent  
 “ because his daughter, by this means,  
 “ would be happy.

“ The only thing I stipulated for was  
 “ that they should immediately depart for  
 “ my farm; and to this there was no objec-  
 “ tion. Joffelin proposed even to remove  
 “ himself, and live with his children. I  
 “ desired him to inform Louisa of what had  
 “ passed, and left him to go down to the vil-  
 “ lage. I there gave Justin his discharge,  
 “ signed the gift of the farm, and left him  
 “ the purse of fifty ducats which I had pro-  
 “ mised. After this I returned to you.

" Your air and manner, sometimes absent,  
 " sometimes agitated, sentences half pro-  
 " nounced, and the disappearance of Fritz,  
 " who had been away from the castle all night  
 " and all day ; these, collectively, made me  
 " fear you had concerted some project ; the  
 " execution of which might, perhaps, be  
 " more prompt than I suspected.

" I resolved, therefore, to hasten the mar-  
 " riage, and the departure of the young  
 " people, as much as possible ; and, for this  
 " purpose, I again returned to the farm.  
 " This was the only injunction I had to lay  
 " on them, for the benefits already con-  
 " ferred, and the purse I intended to pre-  
 " sent to Louisa.

" What followed, dear Lindorf, I need  
 " not relate. You know how much you  
 " were

“ were deceived by appearances. Louisa  
 “ had been, all the day, at the village with a  
 “ relation, in order, most likely, to avoid  
 “ another visit from you. Her father, im-  
 “ patient to inform her of her happiness,  
 “ had gone in search of her. They had  
 “ met the happy Justin, who came along  
 “ with them; he had shewn them all his  
 “ treasure. A boy, whom I had sent in  
 “ search of Louisa, told her I was waiting  
 “ for her; she, unable to repress the first  
 “ emotions of her joy, ran, out of breath,  
 “ to testify her gratitude in the manner by  
 “ which you were so cruelly deceived.

“ Yes, Lindorf, I can imagine myself in  
 “ your place, during this terrible moment;  
 “ can suppose all the dreadful ideas and  
 “ sensations by which you were assaulted.  
 “ Surely, you cannot doubt, then, that I

30- CAROLINE OF

“ can forgive you. A little more openness  
“ on my part, a little less passion on yours,  
“ and this misfortune had never happened ;  
“ and, let me add, it will be no real mis-  
“ fortune to me so long as you shall remain  
“ unsuspected of being in any manner an  
“ accessory.”

“ This recital was made at various times,  
“ as his strength permitted, and continually  
“ excited in my bosom the most painful  
“ remorse. I listened, and, in my turn, in-  
“ formed the Count how entirely that vile  
“ fellow Fritz had deceived me. I never  
“ saw him since the fatal day on which he  
“ disappeared from the chateau, and I  
“ learned from his father he had listed for  
“ a soldier ; since when I have never heard  
“ of him more.

“ The

“ The day after these fearful events, my  
 “ father thought it his duty to go himself  
 “ to Berlin and inform the King; and,  
 “ leaving Walfstein to my care, he under-  
 “ took this melancholy journey. The King  
 “ was most sensibly affected when he was  
 “ told, and immediately sent his own sur-  
 “ geons to Ronebourg, informing my fa-  
 “ ther he would come himself as soon as  
 “ Walfstein should be out of danger. The  
 “ surgeons of Berlin confirmed all the others  
 “ had said; except that they hoped the  
 “ wound of the knee would be less preju-  
 “ dicial than had been supposed, and that  
 “ the Count might preserve his leg, though  
 “ he certainly would be somewhat lame.

“ I had a bed brought into his chamber,  
 “ never leaving him a moment day or  
 “ night, and incessantly endeavouring, by



“ attention and care, to prove how deeply  
“ I repented; and Walfstein seemed as sen-  
“ sible of, and as grateful for, these my  
“ attentions as if I had not been the person  
“ who occasioned him to stand in need of  
“ them. To amuse and divert his mind I  
“ read to him, as soon as the surgeons would  
“ permit me. Till then, my youth, vi-  
“ vacuity, want of thought, and the fatal  
“ passion I had conceived for Louisa, had  
“ prevented my application to study. I  
“ now learned the charms of this kind of  
“ occupation, which communicates know-  
“ ledge, amends the heart, and ornaments  
“ the mind. I could easily perceive that,  
“ in his choice of books, his purpose was  
“ rather my instruction, and a wish to give  
“ me a taste for reading, than his own amuse-  
“ ment. When I had ended he made the  
“ most just and profound reflections on what  
“ had

" had been read; which, to me, were so  
 " many rays of light. Whenever the sub-  
 " ject happened to be the duties of a sol-  
 " dier, he described them with energy,  
 " proved how they were compatible with  
 " morality and true honour, and how far  
 " courage might be allied to humanity and  
 " sensibility.

" Excellent Walstein! If, at present, I  
 " have any virtues, to thee am I indebted  
 " for them. Thou hast made me such as  
 " I am, and the two months I lived in thy  
 " chamber, after a crime for which any  
 " other man would have held me in ever-  
 " lasting abhorrence, and have been ap-  
 " peased only by my blood, by thy bene-  
 " volence and wisdom, I gained more know-  
 " ledge, and was better taught the duties  
 " of man, than by all my preceding edu-  
 " cation."

We have forbore to interrupt a narrative so interesting by any remarks on what the feelings of Caroline were; and our reason for this forbearance was that every reader might judge from his own heart, and imagine the passages at which the manuscript was laid down or taken up; or where it dropt from the hands of the wife of Walsstein: those at which her heart palpitated more or less, or where some strong exclamation was involuntarily uttered. It is very certain, however, that she did not read thus far without interruption; and, moreover, that, at this particular place, an emotion, prompt and instinctive, made her snatch up the box. She only half opened it, and shut it again, with a kind of respectful fear, as if it had been profaned by her looks: after which, laying it close to her elbow, she again took up the manuscript.

“ A month

" A month after the accident, the King,  
 " learning that his favourite could rise,  
 " came to Ronebourg, with few attendants.  
 " Walfstein, then, presented me, for the first  
 " time; and the King gave me assurances  
 " of his good will and future protection.  
 " Alas! what was my confusion, what my  
 " shame, when I heard him praising me for  
 " the proofs of friendship I had given, on  
 " this melancholy occasion, and the unin-  
 " terrupted attention I had paid the Count!  
 " Had it not been for my father's presence  
 " and the recollection of the pangs he must  
 " have suffered, I really believe, I should-  
 " have fallen at his feet, have confessed how  
 " little I deserved his eulogiums, and have  
 " owned the whole enormity of my guilt.

" The King, after remaining a few mo-  
 " ments in the chamber, desired to be left

" alone with the Count. They were to-  
 " gether for some time. At last, my father  
 " was called in ; and, presently afterwards,  
 " I, also. As I entered, I found my father  
 " kneeling to the King, and kissing his  
 " hand. " Come hither, my son," said he ;  
 " come, and kneel, with me, to thank the  
 " best of Monarchs, and the most generous  
 " of friends.—The Count has resigned  
 " his commission in the guards, and, at his  
 " entreaty, his Majesty has graciously be-  
 " stowed it on you. Lindorf! my son! if  
 " it be possible, merit this distinction, by  
 " equalling your predecessor!"

" To Walstein I would have kneeled, in  
 " his bosom would have hid my confusion,  
 " if I might; and so strongly was I affected  
 " that my father, thinking me half distracted  
 " with my joy, was obliged to recall my at-  
 " tention

“ tention to the King, who raised me with  
 “ affability, and, like my father, exhorted  
 “ me to imitate the Count.

“ Imitate him!” said I, approaching him,  
 “ and seizing his hand, which he held out  
 “ to me. “ Is it possible for man to ac-  
 “ quire virtue so sublime—Can I, wretch!”—

“ Walstein looked at me! and, immedi-  
 “ ately, put his hand on my mouth!

“ Oh, Caroline! such is the man to  
 “ whom you are united; such is he to  
 “ whom, no doubt, you are proud, at pre-  
 “ sent, to appertain, and whom you are  
 “ now wishing to make happy—And, oh,  
 “ how exquisite must be his felicity! So ex-  
 “ quisite that he alone, I confess, can be  
 “ worthy of it!

“ The

" The King departed, the same day, for  
 " Berlin, and, soon after, sent me my Cap-  
 " tain's commission. At length, I found  
 " myself alone with Walstein. My heart  
 " was full, almost to suffocation, and I  
 " wished to express some part of what I  
 " felt. But, no! Expressions could not be  
 " found! Words were too feeble! and I  
 " could only testify my gratitude as to a  
 " Deity!

" His friendship for me seemed to in-  
 " crease every day. "Good young man,"  
 " would he often say, holding out his  
 " hand, when he saw me stand with my  
 " eyes fixed on his wounds, "do not sup-  
 " pose these a misfortune. Believe me, for  
 " it is a truth, we both are gainers; and I,  
 " especially: a friend, such as thou wilt be,  
 " merits well to be purchased with the loss  
 " of

"of an eye. Had I a mistress," added he,  
 "smiling, "perhaps, I should be less a phi-  
 "losopher; yet, such as I shall be, I do  
 "not despair of finding a woman rational  
 "enough to love me. Love has been the  
 "cause of my misfortune, and love ought  
 "to make me reparation."

"Behold, how just Heaven is, Caroline.  
 "Love will make him reparation, and I  
 "alone, as I ought, shall be unhappy.—  
 "Yet, no! I ought not, I shall not be,  
 "while I am a witness of the felicity of  
 "two persons so dear to my heart! Oh!  
 "that I may but accomplish the ardent  
 "wish I have that these two persons, so  
 "worthy, should be fully known to each  
 "other!

"As soon as he was sufficiently reco-  
 "vered to travel to Berlin, I joined my regi-  
 "ment,



ment, which lay there, and which I found  
most excellently disciplined. Walstein,  
yielding to his inclinations, retired to  
continual and severe study; which, added  
to want of exercise, was detrimental to  
his health. He became meagre, and his  
incessant application to reading and writing  
gave him that stoop in the shoulders  
which you, no doubt, have observed;  
but he had no longer pretension to beauty,  
and he was become passionately fond of  
study. The laws and policy of nations,  
which require knowledge so extensive,  
were the researches to which he was most  
addicted. In two or three years he was  
capable of undertaking the most difficult  
negotiations, and of filling, with the  
greatest dignity and success, the brilliant  
employment he now holds.

“ When

" When we arrived at Berlin, he intro-  
 " duced me to his aunt, the Baronefs de  
 " Zastrow, with whom the young Countefs  
 " Matilda, his fifter, had been brought up.  
 " Long a widow and without children, the  
 " Baronefs looked upon her niece as her  
 " daughter, and fole heirs. The Count,  
 " alfo, was fond of his young fifter, and  
 " was as careful of her education and fu-  
 " ture happinefs as the moft tender father  
 " could have been. He had often fpoken  
 " of her to me, at Ronebourg, and made it  
 " no fecret that he fhould behold with plea-  
 " fure a probability of our union, and, thus,  
 " add another tie to friendship. I thought  
 " her charming, but fhe was fcarcely thir-  
 " teen. She was ftill but a lively girl with  
 " whom I could play with pleasure, but  
 " who did not infpire the fame fenfations I  
 " had felt from the company of Louifa.

" My

“ My heart, however, being perfectly  
“ free, and the company I found at the  
“ Baroness de Zastrow’s exceedingly agree-  
“ able, I went there, regularly, every day ;  
“ where I was received as the intimate  
“ friend of Walstein. Matilda, particu-  
“ larly, took a thousand opportunities of  
“ doing me little favours. She called me  
“ her brother, and told me, laughing, she  
“ hardly ever saw her own, since he was  
“ become so ordinary and so learned ; there-  
“ fore, she thought it was my duty to come  
“ in his stead. I, in the same kind of sport,  
“ called her my dear little sister, and be-  
“ haved as if she had really been so. Altho’  
“ she was very handsome, and daily became  
“ more formed, I felt no other sentiments  
“ for her than those of friendship, or bro-  
“ therly affection. The kind of beauty she  
“ possessed, however seductive it might be

“ to

“ to others, was not, precisely, that which  
 “ I should prefer. It was neither the regu-  
 “ lar and striking features of Louisa, nor  
 “ the enchanting countenance, the look  
 “ celestial, which penetrates the hidden sen-  
 “ timents of the soul, the lip of innocence,  
 “ the angelic voice, the——

“ Another word, Caroline, and you must  
 “ never behold this manuscript! Let me  
 “ speak only of the Count, him only see,  
 “ think only of him; let my mind be  
 “ wholly occupied by that sublime idea,  
 “ and forget every other.

“ Where was I?——Speaking, I be-  
 “ lieve, of the young Countess Matilda.  
 “ You, I suppose, have never seen her.  
 “ She was at Dresden when you were  
 “ at Berlin, where she still remains, with  
 “ Madam

“ Madam de Zastrow, who has there fixed  
“ her residence. She no way resembles what  
“ her brother was before his misfortune.  
“ Instead of his benevolent and dignified  
“ presence, Matilda’s features are delicate  
“ and small; the character of her coun-  
“ tenance is that of mirth and vivacity.  
“ The symmetry of her person is exact;  
“ her arm is round; her feet exceedingly  
“ pretty; her waist small; her nose turned  
“ up; her eyes blue, and intelligent; her  
“ rose coloured lips are always ready to  
“ laugh, and add dimples to her cheeks;  
“ and her whole form conveys the idea of  
“ what we call sports and smiles; but never  
“ any thing of tender sentiment. She seems  
“ even incapable of such sensations; so that  
“ one may play with her without the least  
“ danger either to her or one’s self.

" Yet, however, did she, sensibly, begin  
 " to lose a part of the thoughtless gaiety  
 " by which she seemed to be characterized.  
 " She still laughed, but the laugh often  
 " seemed forced, and was sometimes fol-  
 " lowed by a sigh. By degrees she ceased  
 " to call me her brother, or let me assume  
 " the privilege of one. If I offered to kiss  
 " her, she would draw back and blush; and,  
 " when I called her my dear little sister, she  
 " very gravely would reply with a *Sir*;  
 " which, at times, she had some difficulty  
 " to pronounce. The Count perceived the  
 " change sooner than I did. " Either I  
 " am much deceived," said he, " or the  
 " heart of our young sister begins to take  
 " part in my project; but tell me, dear  
 " Lindorf, what says yours? May I here-  
 " after call you brother?"

" I was

" I was too sincere to endeavour to con-  
 " ceal that I had, hitherto, felt nothing  
 " farther than friendship ; " but, certainly,"  
 " said I to the Count, " my heart, already  
 " exhausted, is no longer capable of love,  
 " and since the charming Matilda fails to  
 " inspire passion, I shall never feel it more."  
 " Ah, Caroline, how much was I deceived !

" You are mistaken," replied he, " Lin-  
 " dorf; at three and twenty the heart is never  
 " satiated with love : nor have you ever  
 " known love ; for your passion for Louisa  
 " was rather an effervescence of the senses  
 " than love itself ; its excess was a proof of  
 " my assertion, and I desire no better than  
 " your meditated elopement. When a lover,  
 " Lindorf, prefers his own enjoyment to the  
 " interest of the object beloved, you may  
 " be certain his heart is but feebly affected.  
 " My utmost wish is that my sister may

" make you feel the difference between your  
 " passion for Louisa and the delicious senti-  
 " ments of refined love. She is still suffi-  
 " ciently young to give me hope that this  
 " may happen; and, perhaps, it is her  
 " great youth that retards the desired event.  
 " You think her only a girl; but, when  
 " this girl shall discover sensibility, there  
 " will be but another step to inspire you  
 " with similar sensations."

" I embraced the Count; and assured him  
 " I had already love enough for Matilda to  
 " think with pleasure on the time when I  
 " should love her more, and when I might  
 " add the name of brother to that of friend;  
 " but that I had still many errors to repair  
 " and to efface, and that his charming sister  
 " merited a heart wholly hers, and capable  
 " of feeling her worth.

" A short



“ A short time after this conversation  
“ happened, Walstein was appointed Am-  
“ bassador to Russia. Our farewell was ten-  
“ der, and affected me greatly. Since the  
“ commission of my crime (for what other  
“ name can I give it?) I never could be-  
“ hold the Count without a renewal of af-  
“ fliction and remorse. That countenance,  
“ so beautiful, that walk and figure, so  
“ noble, that look, which expressed so much,  
“ all, incessantly haunted me. The Count  
“ seemed to recollect nothing of this,  
“ nor to entertain the least regret. Before  
“ we parted, I entreated him to give me  
“ his picture, such as it was when he came  
“ to Ronebourg. I knew he had one, and  
“ I wished he would bequeath it to me;  
“ that my own fault and his generosity  
“ might continually be recalled, and that I  
“ might be certain time should not enfeeble  
“ the remembrance of them.

“ This

“ This he absolutely refused. “ No,  
 “ dear Lindorf,” said he, “ you shall have  
 “ no portrait of mine, neither past nor pre-  
 “ sent. I would have them forgotten as  
 “ totally by you as they are by me. I  
 “ never would have them mentioned more.  
 “ I wish you only to remember our friend-  
 “ ship, which is, and ever shall be, invio-  
 “ lable.”

“ I did not persist in my request, because  
 “ I saw him determined, and because I had  
 “ another resource. The young Countess,  
 “ Matilda, had a miniature picture in a  
 “ bracelet; but which, after his accident,  
 “ she no longer wore; and which, I believe,  
 “ he himself had forgotten. I had no great  
 “ difficulty in prevailing on her, under a pro-  
 “ mise of secrecy, to suffer a copy to be  
 “ taken. It is this which I have now left  
 “ with you, Caroline, and which I beg you

" to accept. You are the only person to  
 " whom I would have given that picture ;  
 " but you, I am certain, will know its va-  
 " lue. Look at it often ; and, while you  
 " look, remember the beauteous mind which  
 " animated that once beauteous form still  
 " exists, with still improving beauty, and  
 " increasing purity. Yes, the change of his  
 " features gives Wallstein new lustre, nor  
 " should the remaining scars make you hold  
 " your husband in horror.—Ah! Caroline,  
 " you must detest his wretched assassin, but  
 " forget not his remorse ; remember his re-  
 " pentance ! Think on what he suffered  
 " while he was making this his confession,  
 " and conjuring you to love another ; ba-  
 " nishing himself for ever from your pre-  
 " sence. An expiation like this ought, al-  
 " most, to make the crime forgotten, and  
 " to obtain a generous pardon.

" The

“ The Count, at parting, promised to  
 “ write to me, as often as the multiplicity of  
 “ affairs in which he was going to engage  
 “ would permit. Wholly devoted to his  
 “ duty, he had little time for a correspon-  
 “ dence of pleasure, or even friendship.  
 “ Soon after his arrival, however, at Pe-  
 “ tersburgh, I received the letters which I  
 “ enclose in this packet; you will find  
 “ them numbered according to the order in  
 “ which they came. Read them, Caroline;  
 “ your spouse is a much better painter of  
 “ himself than I am.”

Caroline took the letters, looked for No. I.  
 and hastily opened it. The hand-writing  
 recalled to recollection the short penciled  
 billet of the antichamber; the only one she  
 had ever received from Walstein, and the  
 impression of which had been so strong, yet  
 so little durable. She felt the anguish of

remorse ; and, for some moments, her tears impeded her sight. At length she began to read. The letter was dated from Petersburg, the year before her marriage, and was as follows :

## NUMBER I.

*The Count of WALSTEIN to the Baron of LINDORF.*

Petersburgh, July 7, 17—

‘ THE letter I received, yesterday, from  
 ‘ Matilda, confirmed what I had long  
 ‘ suspected. Yes, you are beloved, dear  
 ‘ Lindorf : her innocent and pure mind is  
 ‘ itself astonished at the new ideas which  
 ‘ affect it, and has not had the art to con-  
 ‘ ceal them from the penetrating friendship  
 ‘ of a brother. Each phrase, each word,  
 ‘ in her letter, betrays her secret ; and I  
 ‘ think myself guilty of no treason in re-  
 ‘ vealing

' vealing it to her husband—Yes, her hus-  
 ' band, dear Lindorf!——In vain would  
 ' your delicacy longer decline what friend-  
 ' ship so ardently desires; it now ought to  
 ' yield to what I shall say, or rather to  
 ' what I shall repeat. I have reflected a  
 ' good deal on our last conversation. Be-  
 ' cause you do not love my sister with the  
 ' same transport, the same burning raptures  
 ' you felt for Louisa, you imagine yourself  
 ' unworthy of her, and conclude you never  
 ' shall love her. Yet, you acknowledge,  
 ' and I believe you have, the tenderest  
 ' friendship for Matilda, and that she is the  
 ' woman you at present would most prefer,  
 ' and the only one concerning whom you are  
 ' any way interested.—What more is ne-  
 ' cessary, dear Lindorf, to happiness? Does  
 ' a sensation so sweet to the soul leave any  
 ' thing farther to wish? And, when to these  
 ' are added the gratitude you would feel

' for the love she bears to you, do you sup-  
 ' pose it possible you should not make her  
 ' perfectly happy? For my part, I think  
 ' her happiness much more certain, this  
 ' way, than if you had a violent passion for  
 ' her, which consumes itself in its own  
 ' flames, and leaves only regret and a pain-  
 ' ful void. Ever since I have thought of  
 ' this union, which to see accomplished  
 ' would, I own, be one of the greatest plea-  
 ' sures of my life, I have studied the cha-  
 ' racters of you and Matilda much more  
 ' attentively than you imagine; and each  
 ' remark I have made has confirmed and  
 ' even convinced me you were born for  
 ' each other—Without perhaps being so  
 ' beautiful as Louisa, or, even, as many  
 ' other women, my sister has somewhat in  
 ' her figure which every day pleases more,  
 ' because it every day is gaining some ad-  
 ' ditional grace; and because it consists in  
 ' that

' that varied and animated play of coun-  
 ' tenance which is more pleasing than a re-  
 ' gularity of features, that are but too apt,  
 ' by their sameness, to lose their charm.  
 ' Perhaps, you will tell me she wants sensi-  
 ' bility, and that you have too much. But  
 ' shall I surprise you, nay, shall I not vex  
 ' you, dear Lindorf, when I say I believe  
 ' Matilda has at least as much feeling as  
 ' my friend himself? Under the apparent  
 ' thoughtlessness of childhood, if I mistake  
 ' not, I have discovered the tenderest, the  
 ' most affectionate heart, and the most ca-  
 ' pable of a strong and lasting attachment.  
 ' You see, already, this little insensible has  
 ' understanding enough to know your  
 ' worth, to love you, and, I think, Lin-  
 ' dorf, you will never have any complaints  
 ' to make of her want of tenderness. Her  
 ' mind, likewise, has those propensities which  
 ' best please and fix the attention of yours.



‘ Her amiable vivacity, her uninterrupted  
 ‘ gaiety, are qualities that will preserve you  
 ‘ from dulness ; which, of all the plagues  
 ‘ of a conjugal state, is one of the worst.  
 ‘ Her gentleness and good temper will me-  
 ‘ liorate that natural warmth which so often  
 ‘ overpowers you, and, in your own despite,  
 ‘ carries you beyond the bounds of mo-  
 ‘ deration. I hear your reply, dear Lin-  
 ‘ dorf. “ Yes, my own happiness, I see,  
 ‘ will be certain ; but what will become of  
 ‘ that of Matilda ? ” Be not unhappy on  
 ‘ that account, my friend, for, once again I  
 ‘ tell thee, I am not ; and that, when I press  
 ‘ thee to marry my sister, I foresee how thy  
 ‘ heart, perhaps the most excellent I have  
 ‘ ever known, will act. Yes, Matilda must  
 ‘ be happy, and I defy thee to prove the  
 ‘ contrary. Besides, she loves thee, and  
 ‘ therefore without thee, Lindorf, must be  
 ‘ wretched ; and, whatever thou mayest say,  
 ‘ thou

' thou hast more love for her than thou sup-  
 ' posest. Love, my friend, is nothing more  
 ' than a lively friendship founded on recip-  
 ' cal esteem, and improved on a difference  
 ' of sex. Matilda has inspired this friend-  
 ' ship, already; and what shall it be when  
 ' mutual interest and children give it addi-  
 ' tional strength? Lindorf, thou, like me,  
 ' must feel how dear to a man must be the  
 ' mother of his children. Oh! my friend,  
 ' that kind of sensation which you experi-  
 ' ence when thinking of my sister will, then,  
 ' daily increase, daily acquire new powers,  
 ' and confirm you both in happiness. Re-  
 ' nounce, therefore, these vain scruples, and  
 ' prepare every thing for this happy union.  
 ' Speak to Matilda, speak to my aunt;  
 ' with the first your efforts need not be very  
 ' great. My aunt, perhaps, may not be so  
 ' complying. She wishes her niece to marry  
 ' a nephew of the late Baron de Zastrow,

‘ the heir of the title and estates ; but I will  
‘ write to her, and she loves my sister too  
‘ well not to yield when she thinks her hap-  
‘ piness at stake ; besides which, she is ac-  
‘ quainted with you, Lindorf, and your re-  
‘ ception at her house may well make you  
‘ suppose she will not reject you for a ne-  
‘ phew.

‘ Adieu, write to me immediately, I am  
‘ impatient to know whether I have con-  
‘ vinced you you are such as it is requisite  
‘ you should be to become the brother, the  
‘ beloved brother, of your dear friend

‘ EDMUND, Count of Walsstein.

‘ P. S. The steward of my estate at  
‘ Walsstein being lately dead, it has given  
‘ me pleasure to bestow his place on the  
‘ honest Justin, who manages his farm ex-  
‘ cellently. I yesterday received his answer,

I

‘ which

‘ which is written with such simplicity of  
 ‘ heart, and affords so fine a picture of hap-  
 ‘ piness that, I am certain, you will be  
 ‘ pleased to see it ; for which reason I have  
 ‘ enclosed it.—Perhaps you would rather  
 ‘ have seen that of Matilda : if so, dear  
 ‘ Lindorf, be certain you may marry her  
 ‘ without dread or apprehension.’

Whether the letter from Justin was by chance inclosed in that of the Count, when sent by Lindorf to Caroline, or whether purposely put there, does not greatly matter ; but there it was, and we imagine our readers will be glad to read it, and once again recollect the beautiful Louisa, whom certainly they have not yet forgotten.

*The* LETTER of JUSTIN.

*To his Excellency, my Lord, the Count of*  
*WALSTEIN, Ambassador to the Court of*  
*Petersburg.*

*My Lord,*

I AM certain, for I know my Lord's  
 goodness, his heart would have been right  
 glad if his Excellence had seen how happy  
 his Lordship's letter made us all; nay,  
 more happy than we were before, which,  
 if any body had told us that such a thing  
 might be, I am sure we should have said  
 it was impossible. To be sure, I did not  
 think that ever the poor Justin could have  
 arrived at the honour of being my Lord  
 the Count's Steward; though, at present, I  
 feel, I am sure, I can do my duty in the  
 discharge of that high office, of which I am  
 as proud as if I were a King; and, though  
 I be

‘ I be not learned, I am certain I can do,  
 ‘ any thing to serve my good and dear,  
 ‘ Lord; and I hope, when it shall please  
 ‘ God to send him back, that he will be sa-  
 ‘ tisfied, and find every thing in good,  
 ‘ order.

‘ We have been in the Steward’s apart-  
 ‘ ment, at the Chateau, for these two days  
 ‘ past. My dear Louisa, at first, was sorry  
 ‘ to leave the farm; but she tells me, now,  
 ‘ she finds as she shall be happy every where  
 ‘ with me; though be this said with all  
 ‘ respect to my Lord the Count, for I know  
 ‘ one should not brag of one’s self; but  
 ‘ when one is the husband of Louisa, and  
 ‘ the steward of my Lord the Count of  
 ‘ Walstein, one may well be a little proud.  
 ‘ Our good old father, too, is as proud as  
 ‘ I am, and so gay of heart that he seems  
 ‘ younger by ten years. He calls me nothing  
 ‘ but

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' but my Lord the Count's steward ; and he  
 ' drinks a glass of wine more, every meal,  
 ' to the health and honour of my Lord.  
 ' All of us, even to our two dear little pop-  
 ' pets; are quite overjoyed at being at the  
 ' Chateau ; and they are so pleased to play  
 ' in the gardens of my Lord the Count ;  
 ' the eldest can go any where; the sturdy  
 ' little rogue ; and his young brother, who  
 ' is not yet weaned, already begins to lisp  
 ' the name of my Lord the Count, for that  
 ' is the first word we teach them ; and when  
 ' his grandfather drinks the health of my  
 ' Lord he always takes off his bonnet. To  
 ' be sure they are two charming little knaves,  
 ' and almost as beautiful as their mother.

' I should never dare to presume to tell  
 ' all this to my Lord the Ambassador if he  
 ' had not commanded me to write him word  
 ' of every thing that concerned our good  
 ' old

' old father, my dear Louisa, and our little  
 ' boys.—I had almost forgot the flageolet,  
 ' but Louisa, who knows my Lord the  
 ' Count's letter by heart, made me recol-  
 ' lect it; and so I continue, as aforetime, to  
 ' play to Louisa, to amuse her while she  
 ' gives the breast to the little one, and so  
 ' the biggest dances all the while I play,  
 ' for this your Lordship knows is like the  
 ' birds in their nests; the male sings while  
 ' the female is sitting: and so my Lord the  
 ' Count will very well perceive I am the  
 ' happiest man this day on God's earth.  
 ' Every thing goes its gait; all we under-  
 ' take succeeds; and when we are in the  
 ' meadow we see our four calves, three hens,  
 ' and their broods of chickens, and I know  
 ' not how many sheep, goats, and lambs,  
 ' without reckoning our little boys, all play-  
 ' ing around us; and all this my Lord the  
 ' Count has given us, and so it is my opi-  
 ' nion



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' nion that my Lord the Count is as happy,  
 ' or perhaps even happier, than we are, be-  
 ' cause he has done the good, and we have  
 ' only received it; but it ought to be so;  
 ' he wants nothing but a Louisa which may  
 ' the good and bountiful God give him.  
 ' We pray every day for my Lord the  
 ' Count; for truly, my Lord has, after  
 ' God himself, the first place in our hearts.  
 ' Wherefore, may God grant my Lord all  
 ' his wishes and a long life to enjoy them  
 ' in, which is the most sincere prayer of  
 ' his most humble servants and superinten-  
 ' dants of his estate at Walftein.

' At Walftein this 12th

' Day of June, 17—.

' JUSTIN and LOUISA.'

" You hear the prayers of these good  
 " people, Caroline, and Heaven has been  
 " pleased

“pleased to hear them likewise. Walstein  
 “has a Louisa ! No, not so ; he has a still  
 “superior angel !

“I answered the Count’s letter by the  
 “next courier. — Gratitude, the pleasure  
 “of being still dearer and nearer related to  
 “him, an ardent desire to merit the good  
 “opinion he entertained of me, certitude  
 “of my own happiness, and a promise to  
 “make Matilda happy, these my letter ex-  
 “pressed, and these my heart dictated. —  
 “The only thing omitted was love ; but,  
 “the Count had just shewn me love was not  
 “necessary to happiness, but that it would  
 “be more certain from that kind of attach-  
 “ment which I felt for his sister. Wal-  
 “stein had too great an ascendant over me,  
 “not to convince, and I was the more easy  
 “to persuade from the belief of being be-  
 “loved, which gave a degree of force to”  
 “the

“ the favourable sentiments I had for the  
 “ lovely Matilda. I no longer saw her  
 “ without emotion ; and this became suf-  
 “ ficiently strong to make me perfectly  
 “ easy when, after a conversation of some  
 “ length held with her, she gave me per-  
 “ mission, though not without deep blushes,  
 “ to ask her aunt’s consent, and endeavour  
 “ to gain her over to the views of her Bro-  
 “ ther.

“ I thought it best, however, to wait,  
 “ before I spoke to the Baroness, till I had  
 “ written to the Count, and received his  
 “ promised answer. This I told Matilda,  
 “ who thought it very proper ; and we no  
 “ longer endeavoured to conceal an affec-  
 “ tion thus authorized by fraternal authority.

“ I continued, therefore, my daily visits  
 “ at the Baroness de Zastrow’s, and very  
 “ assiduously

“ assiduously paid her my court, though  
 “ with very little success. After the depar-  
 “ ture of the Count her conduct to me had  
 “ been wholly changed, always polite but  
 “ always distant, she affected to receive me  
 “ with great ceremony, and took her mea-  
 “ sures so well that I seldom had an oppor-  
 “ tunity of speaking a word in private to  
 “ Matilda. These impediments and con-  
 “ traditions might naturally have been  
 “ expected to augment love; and, I own, I  
 “ was secretly vexed, which did not pass un-  
 “ observed by Matilda, and which consoled  
 “ her for her aunt’s behaviour by persuading  
 “ her she was beloved; and so, no doubt,  
 “ she was; friendship, gratitude, attached  
 “ me to her, and, had I then obtained her  
 “ hand, I might myself have been well per-  
 “ suaded my affection was much stronger  
 “ than it has proved.

“ I waited

“ I waited, however, without any violent  
 “ impatience the effect of the Count’s pro-  
 “ mises and letter to his aunt. He wrote  
 “ me word ‘ he had not yet been able to  
 “ gain the consent of that lady, for she  
 “ tenaciously adhered to her design of marry-  
 “ ing Matilda to the young Baron de Zaf-  
 “ trow, then on his travels. Yet that he,  
 “ however, was still more tenacious of his  
 “ own, which certainly should be effective;  
 “ for which reason he conjured me not to  
 “ take offence, but to wait with patience.  
 “ A considerable estate,’ he said, ‘ depended  
 “ on this aunt, which required some caution;  
 “ but that, by one means or other, he would  
 “ obtain his end, and that he already re-  
 “ garded me as his brother.’

“ I wished to shew Matilda this letter,  
 “ and immediately went to the house of  
 “ the Baroness. I found it shut up! No  
 “ porter

“porter, not a single servant, was there to  
 “whom I could speak ! This circumstance  
 “appeared extremely singular ; for, the very  
 “evening before, I had been received as  
 “usual, without the least mention of a  
 “removal. I inquired in the neighbour-  
 “hood, and was told the coach had set off  
 “very early in the morning ; but could  
 “learn nothing more. While I was re-  
 “maining in the utmost astonishment, I saw  
 “Matilda’s maid coming to me. I ran to  
 “meet her, and was going to question,  
 “but was prevented by her telling me to  
 “ask nothing, for that nothing she knew.  
 “I cannot tell you where they are,” said she.  
 “Yesterday, as soon as you were gone, I  
 “heard my lady speaking very loud, and  
 “Miss Matilda weeping. All night long  
 “there was nothing but packing up, scold-  
 “ing, and crying ; and, at last, I was paid  
 “my wages, discharged, and they set off in  
 “a coach ;

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“ a coach; but Miss Matilda, when she  
 “ bade me farewell, slipped this into my hand.”

“ The maid then gave me a crumpled  
 “ paper, addressed to me; which, taking, I  
 “ directly opened, but without, at first,  
 “ being able to comprehend a word of  
 “ its contents. It seemed an inventory of  
 “ chairs, tables, and furniture. At last, I  
 “ discovered that what regarded myself was  
 “ interlined, and was as follows.”

“ Oh! Mr. Lindorf, we are going to de-  
 “ part for Dresden, presently; and we are  
 “ to stay there a long, long while; perhaps,  
 “ for ever. What will you think when you  
 “ shall come to-morrow and find your poor  
 “ young friend gone? Will you grieve as  
 “ much as she does? I hope you will be a  
 “ little sorry; yet do not afflict yourself  
 “ too much; for I promise you my thoughts  
 “ will

' will be the same at Dresden as they were  
 ' at Berlin, and so they will for ever con-  
 ' tinue to be. Besides, have I not a bro-  
 ' ther, a dear good brother? Write to him  
 ' immediately; and, should you wish to  
 ' send a word in answer to this, let it be  
 ' under cover to him, for there are no other  
 ' means of its arriving at me. No, if you  
 ' write to me, your letters must first go to  
 ' Russia. But what of that, if I but get them  
 ' at last?—I wish I were as sure this would  
 ' come to your hands. I could contrive  
 ' no means of writing to you, but, luckily,  
 ' my aunt gave me an inventory to copy.  
 ' When she looks at me, I set down a figure,  
 ' and, the moment she is gone, write a line.  
 ' When it is done, perhaps, I may give it  
 ' to poor Nancy, whom my aunt intends to  
 ' turn away, because she might assist us, and  
 ' because she loves you. I am sure she will  
 ' give



' give it you, faithfully.——I am vexed to  
 ' be obliged to write thus clandestinely and  
 ' deceive my aunt ; yet she has had no re-  
 ' morse at deceiving me. Till this very  
 ' night I knew not a word of our depar-  
 ' ture : no, I protest to you, I did not  
 ' know a word of it. Is it not a shocking  
 ' thing to be obliged to set off without  
 ' seeing you ?—I scarcely can write for cry-  
 ' ing, and I hear my aunt coming. My  
 ' paper is no more like an inventory, so I  
 ' must hide it, and begin another. Fare-  
 ' well, Mr. Lindorf, I will remember you  
 ' and pray for you continually, and do not  
 ' forget the poor Matilda, and do not think  
 ' ill of her because she has written to you  
 ' first.'

" Such was the letter of Matilda, on  
 " reading of which it was impossible, with-  
 ' out

" out any violent love, not to be affected at  
 " the native simplicity of the niece, and  
 " piqued at the behaviour of the aunt. I  
 " felt both these sensations in their full  
 " force, and returned to my chamber, where  
 " I immediately wrote an account of all that  
 " had passed to Walstein, and of the un-  
 " worthy artifice that had been used. I be-  
 " lieve anger was stronger than regret, for  
 " I insinuated to the Count that I looked  
 " upon our project as impracticable; and,  
 " since Madame de Zastrow was so deter-  
 " mined, to renounce it appeared to me  
 " the wisest way. I inclosed a copy of the  
 " letter from Matilda, and my answer, de-  
 " siring her brother to send it to her; and  
 " I received a letter from the Count, by  
 " the return of the post, as follows."

## NUMBER, II.

*The Count of WALSTEIN to the Baron of  
LINDORF.*

Peterburg, July 18, 17—

‘ I am exceedingly angry, dear Lindorf,  
‘ at the trick our good aunt, de Zastrow,  
‘ has played us; but her efforts are fruit-  
‘ less, Matilda shall be yours. I declare,  
‘ nay, have sworn, my sister shall not be-  
‘ come the victim of her obstinacy. I have  
‘ nothing to alledge against the young  
‘ Baron de Zastrow, whom I have not the  
‘ honour of knowing, and to whom I wish  
‘ all manner of happiness, except that of  
‘ being the husband of Matilda. You, Lin-  
‘ dorf, has she selected, and you, already,  
‘ doth her young heart prefer. No, that  
‘ innocent and open heart, which spoke all  
‘ its secrets with such ingenuous confidence

' to me, shall not be deceived in its wishes;  
 ' shall not have to combat a passion to which  
 ' I myself may be said to have given birth;  
 ' nor shall she have to blush for having first  
 ' written to any other man than her hus-  
 ' band. Poor dear girl! how much did her  
 ' billet affect me! I will write, immediately,  
 ' to console her, and afford her no very  
 ' distant prospect of felicity: a little per-  
 ' severance and we shall conquer. I will  
 ' inclose your letter, likewise, which, I be-  
 ' lieve, will be more effectual than mine.  
 ' By the same post I will write to my  
 ' aunt, and, if necessary, assert the rights a  
 ' dying father bequeathed to me over my  
 ' sister. *To you I confide her and the care of*  
 ' *her future happiness*; nor, oh! my father,  
 ' will I betray this trust. Matilda and Lin-  
 ' dorf shall be one, and your dear girl, then,  
 ' cannot fail of being happy! Take courage,  
 ' therefore, my friend, and be assured our

' project shall succeed: Matilda is yet but  
 ' fifteen; in three or four years she will be  
 ' more formed, more capable of happiness,  
 ' more worthy of herself and you. My only  
 ' fear is that, you being separate from her, that  
 ' heart, so suddenly become cold, insensible,  
 ' that heart, no longer susceptible of love,  
 ' as you have supposed, may, in the mean  
 ' time, stand convicted of its error, and  
 ' find that it never yet knew the passion.  
 ' If, dear Lindorf, this misfortune should  
 ' happen, promise me, swear to me, you will  
 ' neither sacrifice yourself nor my sister to  
 ' engagements which, from that moment,  
 ' will cease to exist. I am desirous of this  
 ' union no farther than as I am persuaded it  
 ' will not be a misfortune to either party,  
 ' and would rather have to comfort Matilda  
 ' for the loss of a lover than for the indif-  
 ' ference of the husband of her heart. There-  
 ' fore, Lindorf, the very moment she would

' no longer be the wife you would prefer  
 ' to all others, the very moment you are  
 ' convinced some other woman may render  
 ' you more happy, have the fortitude to in-  
 ' form your friend of this change, and be  
 ' assured that, instead of diminishing, by  
 ' this conduct, you will redouble his esteem.  
 ' I think violent love no way necessary to  
 ' conjugal felicity. I have said so in my  
 ' former letter, and I persist in the opinion ;  
 ' but I am still more effectually convinced  
 ' that a husband and wife ought, at least,  
 ' mutually to prefer each other to the whole  
 ' world, and never know regret at the remem-  
 ' brance of being united for life. I think it  
 ' necessary that that agreement of taste and  
 ' feeling, that entire confidence, that bond  
 ' of affection, should be found, which cannot  
 ' exist if one of the two love another and  
 ' be obliged to conceal the thoughts by  
 ' which he or she most is occupied.—

‘ These considerations, I own, have hitherto hindered me from marrying and yielding to the wishes and entreaties of my family, which, with me, will become extinct. I dread lest my present rank and favour might engage some woman, to whom I might address myself, to marry me, though she really loved another. I fear acquiring rights which I shall find are usurpations, and over a heart that has other engagements. I dread being the unconscious cause of misery to two lovers, and being myself still more miserable when I shall have made the discovery. You know me too well, dear Lindorf, ever to imagine I can mean to reproach when I thus speak my secret sentiments. You know my manner of thinking relative to the accident that has altered my person; it is ever the same; and, I again protest, I every day congratulate myself on the present  
‘ sent

' sent opportunity I enjoy of indulging my  
 ' most prevalent inclination, and following  
 ' the studies in which I most delight; happy  
 ' in having had the means, in my former  
 ' station, of giving those proofs of courage  
 ' and zeal in the service of my King which  
 ' most I wished; and, in my present, of  
 ' serving him, as I think, much more ef-  
 ' fectually. A good minister, Lindorf, is  
 ' still a greater character than a good ge-  
 ' neral. It is my greatest pleasure to fulfil  
 ' the duties of the office to which I am  
 ' appointed; and this office, I repeat it, is  
 ' much more agreeable to me than the life  
 ' of a soldier; therefore I *can* have nothing  
 ' to regret; nothing, nothing——Yet I  
 ' must do myself justice. I may not now  
 ' hope to inspire love, nor do I make any  
 ' such weak pretences; and, perhaps, it may  
 ' be for that reason I persuade myself that  
 ' love is not necessary to happiness. But



' I wish, at least, to find a woman who  
 ' has no partiality for another. I do not  
 ' even shrink from a slight repugnance,  
 ' at first; that is natural, and what I ought  
 ' to expect. My endeavours must be to  
 ' dispel it by degrees, and make myself  
 ' beloved first through gratitude, and after-  
 ' wards from habit. The eye would soon  
 ' accommodate itself to my person, and my  
 ' sole study should be to make it forgotten  
 ' by my actions. Is it possible that a woman  
 ' must not, at last, love him who exists but  
 ' to render her happy; who would prevent  
 ' her wishes, to which his own would be ever  
 ' subservient, and who would be grateful  
 ' for the smallest marks of attachment which  
 ' she might bestow! Such, my friend, are  
 ' the loved illusions of my heart, and which  
 ' I yet, one day, hope to behold realized.  
 ' I foresee all the obstacles, but they dif-  
 ' courage me not. I know how difficult it

' is

'is to find a woman whose heart is entirely  
 ' free, without which my whole scheme  
 ' would be frustrate ; for comparifons would  
 ' incessantly be made between me and the  
 ' regretted, the beloved object. I should be  
 ' looked upon as a monster. Partiality and  
 ' bitter remembrance would poison life.  
 ' But, could I meet some young heart, such  
 ' as I wish, and such as I shall incessantly  
 ' endeavour to find, simple and innocent,  
 ' unacquainted with love, and with little  
 ' knowledge of the world ; if such I find,  
 ' it shall be mine, even though I should  
 ' oblige her to marry me ; for I would render  
 ' her happy in her own despite. I am sen-  
 ' sible that I should at first be accused of  
 ' want of delicacy ; but my secret motives  
 ' would justify me in my own eyes. I have  
 ' no other means of enjoying a felicity my  
 ' heart most ardently desires ; that of being  
 ' a husband and a father, and ending my  

E 5
' days

‘ days in the arms of my children. Sacred  
‘ ties! Connections of the soul, which double  
‘ existence! without which man is desolate;  
‘ alone, in the wide world, as in a desert;  
‘ dragging a useless life and dying without  
‘ regret!—Yes, such intimate relations will  
‘ constitute my happiness. Never can I think  
‘ of them without emotion, never can read  
‘ the letter from Justin, a copy of which I sent  
‘ to you, without shedding tears. How  
‘ happy are those good people! *He wants*  
‘ *nothing but a Louisa, which may the good*  
‘ *and bountiful God give him!*—Yes, ho-  
‘ nest Justin, the prayers of a heart so pure  
‘ as thine ought to, and no doubt will, be  
‘ heard. I shall find this companion, whom,  
‘ already, I adore; though I know her not.  
‘ She and Walstein, Lindorf and Matilda,  
‘ Justin and Louisa, and there will be three  
‘ happy couples in the universe! What say  
‘ you, Lindorf, to my prophecy? For my  
‘ part,

' part I am in raptures at the idea, and  
 ' have faith in perfect bliss.—But what is it,  
 ' you mention about the loss of inheritance?  
 ' Should my aunt be unjust enough to de-  
 ' prive Matilda of hers, is not she suffici-  
 ' ently rich at present; and does more or  
 ' less influence happiness when we have  
 ' more than sufficient for the enjoyment of  
 ' life? Will not your wealth and hers be  
 ' enough? However, as plenty is not an  
 ' evil, and as it is best that what is done  
 ' should be done with a good grace, let us  
 ' wait awhile, my friend. I would not  
 ' affirm I should not be jealous were you  
 ' happy while I remain single: and my dear  
 ' wife is not yet found. I shall soon, how-  
 ' ever, seriously begin the search. At pre-  
 ' sent, I have too many affairs on hand. I  
 ' fear I shall not often have the pleasure of  
 ' writing to you, for which reason I take  
 ' full revenge of the present opportunity.'—

The remainder of the letter related only to political affairs, and accounts of Russia, which Caroline skipped over, or read unconsciously; her thoughts had other employment, and her heart was not capacious enough for her own affairs. She seemed as if transported into another world, of which, till then, she had had no idea. This last letter particularly struck her. She read it again, and with sensations somewhat painful. The prediction of the love of Lindorf, the excessive fear of Walstein, lest he should marry a woman whose heart was pre-engaged, made a severe impression on her. When she came to Walstein's projects of happiness, and to the motives which had induced him to marry her, she found herself, notwithstanding her repugnance, so affected, that, at the moment, she thought she loved him only in the world; or, rather, she did not herself understand her own feelings. She remained  
with

with her eyes fixed on this letter, without remembering that the manuscript was not ended. Her enthusiasm, at length, vanished by degrees; the idea of the Count was effaced, and the image of Lindorf regained a part of its former empire. The letter was laid down, and the manuscript once more taken up.

“ Time fails, Caroline, and the four and  
 “ twenty hours I have dedicated to this  
 “ painful work are almost ended. I already  
 “ perceive the first rays of day, of that day  
 “ on which, perhaps, for the last time I shall  
 “ behold her, to whom, yesterday, at the same  
 “ hour, I hoped to devote my life. How  
 “ happy was I then! How did the sweet chi-  
 “ mæras of hope and love flatter my heart!  
 “ A single moment has destroyed them all,  
 “ has plunged me into an abyss of despair!—  
 “ Yet what complaints are these? Ought  
 “ I thus

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“ I thus to employ the few remaining mi-  
“ nutes in which I would conduct you to  
“ happiness, by pointing out the road? Yes,  
“ Caroline, you will be, must be, happy ;  
“ and the certainty of this will be the sole  
“ consolation of my future existence.

“ The whole year passed without the least  
“ change of circumstance or situation. Ma-  
“ tilda remained at Dresden, the Count in  
“ Russia, and I at Berlin. An uninter-  
“ rupted correspondence maintained our  
“ mutual connections, but that of Dresden,  
“ passing first by Petersburg, was neither  
“ very frequent nor very animated. Ma-  
“ tilda, educated in restraint, and even with  
“ severity, durst not indulge her feelings ;  
“ and, at the utmost, expressed friendship  
“ only. My answers nearly assumed the  
“ same tone ; yet, determined to espouse  
“ her as soon as her aunt would consent,  
“ and

“ and preferring her to all the women I  
 “ then knew, I carefully avoided every oc-  
 “ casion of meeting objects who might era-  
 “ dicare these ideas, and take place of her  
 “ in my heart.

“ To deprive myself of the pleasures of  
 “ courts cost me but little. Ever since the  
 “ unfortunate adventure of Louisa and the  
 “ Count had preserved an habitual melan-  
 “ choly, which well accorded with my fu-  
 “ ture intentions. Wholly devoted to my  
 “ military occupations and paying my duty  
 “ to the King, I employed the remainder  
 “ of my time in riding, music, or reading.

“ An unfortunate event happened which  
 “ disturbed my tranquillity and increased  
 “ my melancholy. My father, who re-  
 “ mained at Ronebourg, had an apoplectic  
 “ fit; my mother, who had long been in a  
 “ feeble



• “ feeble and ill state of health, scarcely could  
 “ support her grief and terror. I was in-  
 “ stantly sent for, and found them both, on  
 “ my arrival, in great danger. The sight  
 “ of me appeared to animate them; my  
 “ mother especially, who loved me with  
 “ most affectionate tenderness, found her-  
 “ self sensibly better, which she attributed  
 “ to my presence and cares; but the state  
 “ in which she still remained required every  
 “ attention I could bestow. I wrote to  
 “ Court, to obtain leave of absence. My  
 “ motive was too sacred for me to be re-  
 “ fused, and I devoted my whole time and  
 “ faculties to my parents.

“ It was during this absence, Caroline,  
 “ that you came to embellish the Court I  
 “ had quitted; and it was then also the  
 “ Count had that unfortunate sickness which  
 “ detained him so long on the road, and  
 “ which

“ which I heard of by accident. At any  
 “ other moment I should have flown to his  
 “ assistance; but I was then detained at  
 “ Ronebourg, by duties too sacred, and too  
 “ dear, to admit even the idea.

“ Some time after, I had the pleasure to  
 “ learn, from himself, he had recovered  
 “ and arrived at Berlin. His letter had  
 “ an enigm<sup>a</sup>tic and mysterious turn, which  
 “ I remarked when I read it first——  
 ‘ He would have given,’ he said, ‘ the  
 ‘ whole world to see and speak to me. The  
 ‘ cruel event, which detained me at Rone-  
 ‘ bourg, was the more distressing to him  
 ‘ because he absolutely could not come thi-  
 ‘ ther, on account of the distance (Rone-  
 ‘ bourg is at the farther end of Silesia, and  
 ‘ four long days journey from Berlin) and  
 ‘ the little time he had to remain in Prussia,  
 ‘ during which every moment would be  
 ‘ occupied.

‘occupied. He then spoke of Matilda, was  
‘grieved at the perversity of her aunt, but  
‘was determined, he said, the instant I  
‘should be at liberty to leave Ronebourg,  
‘to exert his authority and terminate our  
‘marriage.—He had a new motive for  
‘hastening the affair.—Perhaps he was him-  
‘self on the point of being happy—of ob-  
‘taining what he so ardently desired; but  
‘he could not enjoy perfect content unless  
‘I enjoyed it also.’

“ I paid less attention to this letter than  
“ I should have done at any other time;  
“ for scarcely had I time to read it, nor  
“ have I, till now, hardly recollected it since.  
“ I received it on the very day on which  
“ my father, after having languished four  
“ months, expired in my arms, recommend-  
“ ing my mother to me, and commanding  
“ me not to leave her.

“ Alas !

“ Alas ! my heart had already fore-run  
 “ the command, which was itself to me a  
 “ law. Already had I sworn, to the ten-  
 “ derest of mothers, that her son, her only  
 “ son, would not abandon her in the hour  
 “ of her affliction !

“ As soon as I had rendered my father  
 “ the last duties of humanity, I wrote to  
 “ the Count to inform him of my loss, and  
 “ to entreat he would obtain a renewal of  
 “ my leave of absence ; and the King not  
 “ only permitted me to remain at Rone-  
 “ bourg but deigned, likewise, to approve  
 “ the motive that made me wish to stay.

“ The Count, in his answer, wrote in a  
 “ style of melancholy that did not surprise  
 “ me. I knew how sensibly his heart was  
 “ affected by, and partook of, the afflictions  
 “ of his friends ; beside, he himself had a  
 “ strong

“ strong attachment to my father. He  
“ made no references to the subject of his  
“ former letter, which had been mislaid in  
“ the grief of the terrible moment in which  
“ it was received, and I had almost forgot  
“ its contents. He only said he should go  
“ immediately to Dresden, being desirous  
“ to see his sister before he returned into  
“ Russia; he added that, if it were possible,  
“ he would also come to Ronchburg, but  
“ durst not promise; and, in fact, did not  
“ come.

“ Wherefore, Oh! wherefore did he not  
“ then confide to me the fatal secret?—  
“ Yet, no doubt, his delicacy would not  
“ suffer him to increase my present pangs,  
“ by informing me of an event of which I  
“ could not help knowing myself to be the  
“ original cause.

“ Three

“ Three months more passed away, still  
 “ more sorrowful, still more painful than the  
 “ preceding. I had but one object of at-  
 “ tention; filial affection was, now, solely  
 “ attached to my mother, whom I beheld  
 “ daily decline, without other hope, other  
 “ consolation, than that of soothing her  
 “ last moments. At length, I lost her,  
 “ also. Her pure soul quitted its terrestrial  
 “ residence, and rejoiced at the hope of once  
 “ again meeting her husband, and expiring  
 “ in the arms of her son.

“ Pardon, Oh Caroline! this gloomy  
 “ narrative. I have need of the support of  
 “ former misfortunes to enable me to endure  
 “ the present; and am obliged to retrace  
 “ antecedent losses, now, when I suffer one  
 “ which might have consoled me for them  
 “ all. It is necessary for me incessantly to re-  
 “ member that man is born to be unhappy,  
 “ and

“ and that misery is his portion; that he is  
 “ successively to lose every object he held  
 “ most dear, and for whom he only wished  
 “ to live. No, happiness is not for man—  
 “ at least only for one man—and his virtues,  
 “ perhaps, make it his right. I, certainly,  
 “ ought not to murmur.

“ After the death of my father, I fled  
 “ from Ronebourg; it was become a hated  
 “ place, as well by the double loss I so  
 “ lately had sustained as by the act of bar-  
 “ barity I formerly had committed there.  
 “ I returned to Berlin and Potsdam, where  
 “ I passed the remainder of the winter, and  
 “ lived still more retired than the year be-  
 “ fore. The Count wrote seldom, and,  
 “ when he did, his style seemed embarrassed  
 “ and gloomy; and, at length, I began to  
 “ perceive there was something which lay  
 “ heavy at his heart. I told him so, he  
 “ owned

“ owned it, but deferred a full explanation  
 “ till he should see me in person. This  
 “ was to be in the following autumn, which  
 “ was the time, also, he had fixed for my  
 “ marriage with his sister. ‘Thy destiny  
 ‘ and mine,’ said he, ‘Lindorf, will then be  
 ‘ finally determined. Oh! may they be  
 ‘ happy! Or, if I myself am obliged to  
 ‘ renounce bliss, may, at least, the felicity  
 ‘ of my sister and my friend supply the loss  
 ‘ of what I dare not hope!’

“ I supposed he had a passion for some  
 “ Russian lady, and that he found insur-  
 “ mountable obstacles; but, respecting his  
 “ secret, I ceased my inquiries. I likewise  
 “ occasionally received short letters from  
 “ Matilda, which always were first sent to  
 “ her brother. Her aunt remained fixed in  
 “ her opinion, and had written for the young  
 “ Baron de Zastrow to return from his tra-



“ vels. Her inheritance was only to be  
“ Matilda’s on condition this marriage took  
“ place; but the generous girl was ready  
“ to forego every advantage, and asked me,  
“ with an affecting openness of heart, whe-  
“ ther I was not of her opinion, and whe-  
“ ther it were not a thousand times better  
“ to have less riches and more happiness.  
“ For my part, I little regretted the loss of  
“ Madame de Zastrow’s fortune; for my  
“ own, by the death of my parents, had  
“ become considerable, and was very large-  
“ ly increased by the decease of the Com-  
“ mander of Risberg, my maternal uncle.  
“ He lived, like a hermit, on the estate I at  
“ present inhabit; would never see me while  
“ living, and left me all his wealth at  
“ his death, under the condition, however,  
“ that I should marry within two years,  
“ and give the name of Risberg to my  
“ eldest son. My engagements with Ma-  
“ tilda made the fulfilling of this clause  
“ apparently

“ apparently easy; and, perhaps, too, this  
 “ motive might have contributed to decide  
 “ Madame de Zastrow in my favour.

“ Since that time, Caroline, how kind  
 “ have I thought the obligation laid on me  
 “ by my uncle’s will ! How sweet has the  
 “ idea been of marrying within much less  
 “ than the time prescribed ! How many  
 “ future joys did I dare expect, and how  
 “ sincerely did I bless my uncle’s memory !  
 “ —At present, I renounce, for ever re-  
 “ nounce his gift. I pretend not to wealth  
 “ to which I have no right ; and will quit  
 “ an estate, to-morrow, to which I am  
 “ never to return. What to me are riches  
 “ and estates ? Or what, alas ! can I suffer  
 “ now ?—I have nothing to lose !

“ Oh pardon ! pardon ! Caroline ! How  
 “ may the vows of a wretch whom it is

" your duty to forget affect you? I add  
 " to my crimes by continuing to adore you;  
 " and the purpose of this writing is to  
 " make reparation.

" Determined no longer to remain at  
 " Ronebourg, which retraced sorrowful  
 " thoughts, only, and heart-rending recol-  
 " lections, and which, beside, is too far  
 " distant from the capital, I was delighted  
 " with the acquisition of Risberg, and  
 " came to take possession, at the beginning  
 " of the summer, a short time after my  
 " uncle's decease. — Caroline — It is  
 " here, at this place, at this moment, that  
 " I have need of all my fortitude to con-  
 " tinue the fatal recital. — Angel adored!  
 " can I speak to you of yourself, and of  
 " what my feelings were, and are, and  
 " not expire !

" Sacred

“ Sacred and pure friendship! Thou  
 “ who shouldest expiate the crimes Love  
 “ hath committed, thou who, henceforth,  
 “ only shouldest find place in my heart, re-  
 “ turn and animate my zeal; once more  
 “ return, and sustain relapsing Nature!

“ I was charmed with my new abode,  
 “ yet did not intend to stay here long; and  
 “ was, therefore, desirous of examining the  
 “ neighbourhood. The evening before that  
 “ day on which I first beheld you, at the  
 “ window of the pavilion, I had acciden-  
 “ tally passed and heard those sweet and  
 “ harmonious sounds, that affecting and an-  
 “ gelic voice, the impressions of which have  
 “ since been so powerful, and the effects of  
 “ which, indeed, I felt the very moment  
 “ they first were heard. Never before had  
 “ I heard a voice of so much sensibility. I  
 “ listened for some time after you had ceased

" to sing, and still thought I heard sounds  
 " so correspondent to the feelings of my  
 " heart. Nay, I continued to hear them,  
 " even at a distance ; and, the next day,  
 " impatiently visited the same place.

" Passionately fond of music, to that  
 " alone did I attribute that irresistible at-  
 " traction by which I was led thither. I  
 " will, however, confess I was, indeed, most  
 " desirous to see the person of her whose  
 " power over the heart I found so great ;  
 " but this I attributed to curiosity. I  
 " imagined that, by singing with you, I  
 " might bring you to the window ; and the  
 " stratagem was successful. I beheld you !  
 " Though but for a moment ; but that mo-  
 " ment was sufficient. The impression it  
 " made never can be forgotten ; and my  
 " first wish was I might have beheld you  
 " ever.

" Where-

“ Wherefore, Oh! wherefore may I not  
 “ dwell on incidents once so dear to me-  
 “ mory? Wherefore not retrace each cir-  
 “ cumstance, recount each rapturous event  
 “ of time which fled so swift away; and  
 “ which has left mementos so fatal in my  
 “ heart! Ah! happy I! when, my soul  
 “ absorbed by sensations of bliss so pure,  
 “ sensations of which, till then, I had been  
 “ wholly ignorant, I existed only at Rin-  
 “ daw, forgotten of the world beside!  
 “ Ah how happy! when, leaving you in  
 “ the evening, my sole idea was that of  
 “ seeing you again on the morrow; and  
 “ while that idea was so vast, so perfect,  
 “ that it excluded every other! Not those  
 “ burning, resistless, and tumultuous sensa-  
 “ tions that Louisa inspired; nor yet that  
 “ monotonous tranquillity, that indolence  
 “ of heart, and apathy of sense, Matilda  
 “ gave, did I feel. No; the charm was

" new, delicious, exquisite ! It was another  
 " world which Caroline embellished ! I  
 " beheld her in every surrounding object ;  
 " or, rather, I beheld no other object but  
 " her. The only letter I wrote, during two  
 " months, was to ask permission to pass the  
 " summer at Risberg, which I obtained,  
 " and I thought those two months an eter-  
 " nity ! The past forgotten, to the future  
 " blind, the present was Heaven, for Caro-  
 " line was present !

" Yet wherefore seek to redouble my  
 " torments, by painting happiness foregone ?  
 " Alas ! I had forgotten that I ought no  
 " more to speak of myself ; forgotten that  
 " Caroline is the wife of the best, the sub-  
 " limest of mortals !—Yes, of him I will  
 " speak, of him only.

" About

" About a month since, I received a  
 " letter from him; and this letter first  
 " awakened me from this inebriety of plea-  
 " sure. He complained of my silence, at  
 " which Matilda, likewise, was not less  
 " surprised. Matilda!—The very name  
 " rent my heart, and made me feel it was  
 " wholly Caroline's.—I laid down the  
 " letter, and it was long before I had the  
 " fortitude again to read. At length I took  
 " it up once more, and the following pas-  
 " sage restored me to life."—"Have you,"  
 " said Walslein, 'changed your opinion,  
 " either respecting Matilda or our future  
 " destinies, and do you fear to own it, Lin-  
 " dorf? All you have to fear is to leave us  
 " either in incertitude, or error. I refer you  
 " to the letter I wrote, last autumn, rela-  
 " tive to this subject: read it again, and re-  
 " collect well that the only thing I never  
 " could pardon would be your having de-



'ceived, and sacrificed your happiness to,  
 'me. Write to me, immediately, Lindorf,  
 'and be careful to let me know the true  
 'state of your heart, as the only means by  
 'which you can prove it has suffered no  
 'change in friendship:' &c.—“ This  
 “ was a ray of light to my bewildered mind,  
 “ and, at once, informed me what my senti-  
 “ ments for Caroline were, and what my  
 “ duty towards the best of friends. Alas !  
 “ I thought to fulfil them all by placing the  
 “ most entire confidence in him; by re-  
 “ lating the truth, and entreating him to  
 “ dispose of me at his will. How might I  
 “ know that this very confidence was an  
 “ outrage, and that I asked his consent to  
 “ rob himself of the most precious of Hea-  
 “ ven's blessings?—Impelled by some  
 “ dreadful fatality, I seem destined to  
 “ offend in every manner, and at all times,  
 “ this most noble of men. Oh ! Walfstein!  
 “ Walfstein !

"Walstein! might thy greatest enemy have  
 "injured thee as I have done!—Yet  
 "should this writing have the effect which  
 "I expect, and even hope—Yes, hope—  
 "If she who reads it can feel the inesti-  
 "mable value of a soul like thine, what  
 "shall I then have to lament?

"I here add a copy of the letter, No. III.  
 "which I sent to the Count, the very day  
 "I received his. Condescend to run it  
 "over, it will be the last time you will have  
 "occasion to remember an unfortunate man  
 "who himself entreats you would for ever  
 "forget him; yet, as some small allevia-  
 "tion, wishes you to see how infinitely you  
 "were once adored."

## NUMBER III.

*Copy of a Letter from the Baron of  
LINDORE to the Count of WALSTEIN,  
Ambassador at Petersburg.*

' You have but too truly divined, my  
 ' dear Count, what are the present feelings  
 ' of my heart. I have a secret to relate, the  
 ' relation of which is become the more  
 ' painful by having been so long delayed.  
 ' Yet, believe me when I declare, it was  
 ' your letter that first informed me what my  
 ' feelings truly were ; and that, till the mo-  
 ' ment I received it, I remained in uncon-  
 ' scious security ; or, rather, in the enjoy-  
 ' ment of sensations the most congenial my  
 ' soul has ever known, without once in-  
 ' quiring whence they originated.—Love,  
 ' that true that pure love, of which you,  
 ' my friend, have so often spoken, and

' which I never felt before ; love is the se-  
 ' cret, love the source of this my happi-  
 ' ness ; the only happiness of which man  
 ' is capable ! Ah ! did you know how the  
 ' two last months have glided away ? They  
 ' have been but as a moment, and yet  
 ' have I volumes to write concerning them,  
 ' though not a single incident which Wal-  
 ' stein will not approve.—Oh, my friend !  
 ' in her are united every talent, every grace,  
 ' and every virtue. Beauty is the least of  
 ' her advantages ; for, infinite as that is, it  
 ' is remembered no more when the sound of  
 ' her voice is heard, when her fingers touch  
 ' the chords of harmony, or animate the  
 ' lifeless canvass. She alone seems igno-  
 ' rant of the wondrous pleasure she herself  
 ' creates. Did you hear her sing, Walstein !  
 ' Oh ! did you listen while she reads our  
 ' best poets, adding a meaning more pro-  
 ' found, and feeling superior even to what

' they themselves imagined; did you, espe-  
 ' cially, see how she is adored by all around  
 ' her; were you a witness of her affectionate  
 ' attentions to an infirm and blind friend;  
 ' what a blessing she renders life to one  
 ' who, else, might find life her severest  
 ' affliction; were you where I am!——  
 ' Yes, I might have my fears, but not that  
 ' you would blame my choice.

' I feel too well any longer to doubt that,  
 ' without her, for me there cannot be hap-  
 ' piness. She only taught me to know  
 ' what it was, nor, till her I knew, had I  
 ' any conception of that sweet peace of  
 ' mind which I imagined so incompatible  
 ' with love. I am no longer the same.  
 ' It is she who has wholly changed me.  
 ' The headstrong, impetuous Lindorf, hap-  
 ' py in her sight, happy when she speaks,  
 ' most happy in the progress he daily makes  
 ' in

‘ in her affections, dares hope he is beloved  
‘ though he has never dared to ask, having  
‘ been too much enraptured with present  
‘ enjoyment. Thus might I have passed  
‘ a whole life away had not your letter  
‘ awakened me from this trance of beatitude  
‘ I feel, at present, without the consent of  
‘ my friend, without the certitude that my  
‘ felicity will not be injurious to that of  
‘ others, this my vision of bliss must end !  
‘ Can Matilda, the generous, the tender  
‘ Matilda, preserve esteem and friendship  
‘ for one who could see yet not adore her ;  
‘ and who, certain of being blessed in her  
‘ possession, if so his wayward heart had  
‘ pleased, knew ~~not~~ to defend himself  
‘ against tyrannic love ? And can you, dear  
‘ Walfstein, pardon and esteem me still ; me  
‘ whom you had beforetime so much reason  
‘ to detest, whom yet you destined to be  
‘ your brother ; and who renounces a name  
‘ so

' so endearing? Yet, no, I do not renounce  
 ' it, but refer the decision of what I am to be  
 ' to you. Be you umpire; for, here I vow,  
 ' whatever you determine that will I be-  
 ' come. If the husband of Matilda, I  
 ' cannot promise to forget my passion, it is  
 ' too much a part of myself; but it shall  
 ' remain for ever hidden in the most secret  
 ' corner of my heart. Ay, so that even you  
 ' yourself shall forget its existence. This  
 ' involuntary and concealed wrong, far  
 ' from injuring, shall but increase your  
 ' sister's happiness.—Remember this and  
 ' reflect on it well, dear Walstein, before  
 ' you write, however impatient I may be  
 ' for an answer. Yes, Walstein, remem-  
 ' ber it is the sentence of your friend, and  
 ' that, after it is pronounced, I will either  
 ' never see her more, or kneel at her feet,  
 ' and consecrate to her my future life! Till  
 ' then I will be silent, till then she shall  
 ' remain

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‘ remain ignorant of how much she is  
‘ adored !——If seeing her every day, and  
‘ every day still more beautiful and more  
‘ enchanting, I have yet been able to keep  
‘ my secret, think you not, if you require  
‘ it, I shall keep it when I behold her no  
‘ more ? While life remains it never shall  
‘ escape my lips, if I find it necessary to  
‘ renounce her ; not even you, Walstein,  
‘ shall ever know her name ; it shall re-  
‘ main buried in my bosom, and never  
‘ once rise to my lips : if, on the contrary,  
‘ I obtain your consent, with transport will  
‘ I inform you of one who merits the ado-  
‘ ration of the universe. And most delighted  
‘ shall I be to hear a friend, like Walstein,  
‘ applaud my choice and participate my  
‘ joys ; but, again, I repeat, these joys  
‘ cannot exist should they cost Matilda a  
‘ tear, or her brother so much as a sigh.’

“ Such,



" Such, Caroline, was my letter, and thus  
 " did every thing contribute to blind me,  
 " even to the omitting informing my friend  
 " of your name ; one single word and you  
 " had been known to the Count, which at  
 " least would have prevented the declara-  
 " tion I have made to you of a criminal  
 " passion. I had been less guilty, but I  
 " thought this a respect due to yourself ;  
 " for what right had I to name a person to  
 " whom I was not certain of being at  
 " liberty to offer my hand ? Another motive,  
 " also, made me silent. Your immense  
 " fortune, at the remembrance of which  
 " I have, more than once, grieved, and  
 " which would even have prevented me  
 " from declaring my sentiments had my  
 " own been less considerable, might have  
 " influenced the Count in his decision, and  
 " I wished him to be wholly free from in-  
 " fluence. It was enough, nay, indeed,  
 " too

L I C H T F I E L D. 113

“ too much, to own that my future hap-  
“ piness depended on this decision, and I  
“ waited in expectation of his answer with  
“ excessive anxiety. Sometimes, relying  
“ on his generosity and principles, my  
“ heart yielded to all the flatteries of hope;  
“ at others, knowing how tenacious he was  
“ of the project he had formed, and his great  
“ affection for his sister, I dreaded he would  
“ require the sacrifice of my passion; and  
“ this sacrifice, to the performance of which  
“ I had pledged myself, seemed beyond my  
“ strength.

“ Yet, so powerful were the mild sensa-  
“ tions you inspired, it was only when ab-  
“ sent from you I ever found myself tor-  
“ mented by these apprehensions of horror.  
“ The moment I beheld you they disap-  
“ peared; and the same tranquillity, or,  
“ rather the same dreams of bliss, again  
“ recurred.

"recurred. To these every inquietude gave  
 "place, and it seemed impossible this hap-  
 "piness, so pure, so permanent, could  
 "suffer interruption. The tender friend-  
 "ship which you, with ingenuity so un-  
 "reserved, testified for me; the evident  
 "and partial goodness of the Baroness; the  
 "discourse she herself held in your absence;  
 "all aided the deception, and contributed  
 "to make me fancy myself the most blessed  
 "of mortal men. But so, indeed, I was,  
 "and three months of joys so heavenly, so  
 "unspeakable as these, well might com-  
 "pensate for an age of torments, did not  
 "the certainty that they never can return  
 "empoison the remainder of a wretched  
 "life.—Yes, whenever this wretchedness  
 "shall become too oppressive for nature  
 "to support, then will I return to Rindaw,  
 "and say, here did I pass three months  
 "with

“ with Caroline, and can I complain of  
 “ being miserable ?

“ At length I received the answer so  
 “ much dreaded and so much desired.  
 “ My impatience, too, daily had become  
 “ so great that I was every moment in fear  
 “ lest my secret should escape my lips.  
 “ I rode, therefore, myself to Berlin, to  
 “ inquire at the post-office, and found  
 “ the letter lying there: So great was my  
 “ tremor, at receiving it from the post-  
 “ master, that he imagined I was ill, and  
 “ asked if I wanted aid. I begged him to  
 “ let me retire to a chamber and read it,  
 “ and, when alone, I remained almost a  
 “ quarter of an hour without daring to  
 “ touch the seal. Yet how could I justify  
 “ this excessive emotion ? Did not I know  
 “ Wallstein ? How, indeed, unless presaging  
 “ Nature was informing me of my involun-  
 “ tary

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“ tary crime? In fine, my agitation increased  
“ so much that I left the room without open-  
“ ing the letter, resolved not to read it till  
“ I came home. I, therefore, mounted my  
“ horse, but had scarcely got a hundred  
“ yards out of town before I suddenly  
“ alighted, hung my horse to a gate, and  
“ broke the seal which enclosed my sen-  
“ tence, resolved, had it been such as I  
“ feared it might, never to return to Rin-  
“ daw more. My project, in such a case,  
“ was immediately to depart to the Count,  
“ at Petersburg, and seek from him that  
“ fortitude I found not in myself. But Fate,  
“ to make my punishment the greater,  
“ suffered my delusion to continue and in-  
“ crease. Oh! Caroline, imagine what my  
“ raptures were when I read the letter I  
“ have here inclosed.”

L I C H T F I E L D. 117

N U M B E R IV.

*From the Count of WALSTEIN to the Baron  
of LINDORF, at Berlin.*

Peterburg, Aug. 15, 17—

‘ Love, dear Lindorf, of her and Love:  
‘ think of these, and remember not aught  
‘ else the universe contains. Or, should  
‘ Love grant a moment to Friendship, em-  
‘ ploy that moment to assure thyself that a  
‘ friend participates thy joys.—Happy  
‘ Lindorf! Thou lovest and art beloved!  
‘ Thou hast found the mate of thy heart,  
‘ the sympathizing mind which the supreme  
‘ Creator modelled after thy own; his  
‘ fiat formed ye for each other. And  
‘ fearest thou then I should oppose a decree  
‘ so immutable; that I should tear thee  
‘ from her who was written thine in the  
‘ first records of eternity? Thy letter has  
‘ removed

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' removed all doubts ; not a phrase, not a  
 ' word is there which does not breathe love.  
 ' It is a passion thou knowest too well how  
 ' to describe not both to feel it and inspire.  
 ' In thee I behold that supreme felicity  
 ' the seeds of which have been deposited in  
 ' my own heart, and of which I have some-  
 ' times doubted the actual existence. Some-  
 ' thing of it I beheld in the loves of Louisa  
 ' and Justin, but this I attributed to  
 ' country simplicity, and supposed it im-  
 ' possible to be found elsewhere. Oh ! how  
 ' grateful is it to my heart to know that  
 ' this felicity has been realized by my friend,  
 ' to have proof it is not wholly banished  
 ' this earth ; and of these proofs thy letter  
 ' is full ; even to that sacrifice which thou  
 ' with such sincerity offerest, but which I  
 ' should be a barbarian to accept. My  
 ' affection for my sister, were yours, Lin-  
 ' dorf, out of the question, would ensure  
 ' my

‘ my refusal. You are a man of honour, and  
 ‘ I know you sincere when you assure me  
 ‘ you would be careful never to let Matilda  
 ‘ perceive she was not the wife of your heart;  
 ‘ but how might you keep this fatal secret?  
 ‘ Alas, my friend, I am convinced it is  
 ‘ impossible so to deceive a woman, and the  
 ‘ misery of both would be the inevitable  
 ‘ consequence of a discovery.

‘ No, Lindorf, I wish your delicacy and  
 ‘ conscience to be wholly at ease, respecting  
 ‘ our dear Matilda. I own she is strongly  
 ‘ attached to you, and that you are the first  
 ‘ and only man who has made any progress  
 ‘ in her affections. But, whether it be the  
 ‘ effect of character, education, or of youth,  
 ‘ her sensations are not of that profound and  
 ‘ determined species on which the happiness  
 ‘ or misery of life depends; nor am I cer-  
 ‘ tain



tain that we ought to give them the name  
of love.

It has seemed to me that her feelings  
are rather the effect of a fervid imagination than of the heart, which, perhaps, have been heightened by opposition ; and that friendship has been mistaken for love. During my late visit, at Dresden, I was struck with the levity, and even gaiety, with which she supported your absence and her own chagrin. It is true, she always speaks of you with infinite tenderness, but she laughed and cried both in a breath ; and, a moment after she had vowed eternal love for you, would begin to sing and dance. I was not uneasy on this account, because, I own, I partly foresaw what has happened ; and, supposing I had been deceived in this, I, for my own part, was well pleased with this  
kind

' kind of passion; if you were united it  
 ' might become every thing you wished, and,  
 ' if not, Matilda might easily receive con-  
 ' solation, and be glad to hear of your hap-  
 ' piness elsewhere. The young Baron de  
 ' Zastrow is returned, and, as I am in-  
 ' formed, is a handsome youth. He, per-  
 ' haps, may contribute to her tranquillity;  
 ' but, be it as it may, make not yourself  
 ' uneasy; rest assured that both brother  
 ' and sister will find their happiness in yours.  
 ' I, therefore, release you from every obliga-  
 ' tion, dear Lindorf, and only have to  
 ' blame you for having supposed it possible  
 ' I could do otherwise. Fly, the moment  
 ' you have received this letter, and pay your  
 ' homage to the lady you love, and who,  
 ' if I may judge from your description, so  
 ' transcendantly deserves to be beloved; nor  
 ' have I any cause to doubt it, for, with all

' the enthusiasm of passion, you seem to  
 ' have preserved the coolness of reason. How  
 ' impatient am I to judge for myself! To  
 ' see, hear, and, as you yourself say, to ap-  
 ' plaud your choice! Nor will it be long  
 ' before I shall enjoy this pleasure. Prepara-  
 ' tions are made for my return to Berlin;  
 ' you must direct no more letters to me at  
 ' Petersburg. I shall be on the road when  
 ' you receive this, and soon afterwards  
 ' in your arms. We shall then, dear Lin-  
 ' dorf, no longer have any thing to conceal  
 ' from each other, for hitherto we have  
 ' mutually had some reserve. I shall learn  
 ' who your beloved is, and you will then  
 ' be informed of a secret which, hitherto, a  
 ' combination of circumstances has obliged  
 ' me to keep; nay, indeed, to have afflicted  
 ' you would but have added to my own  
 ' grief, for my sorrows were of a kind that  
 ' admitted

' admitted not of alleviation. When I re-  
 ' turn they, perhaps, may cease, and, per-  
 ' haps, also, I may then be destined never  
 ' to enjoy that felicity which I do not envy  
 ' you, Lindorf, but which yet I most ar-  
 ' dently wish to partake. Oh! my friend,  
 ' there is another *She*, another beloved, in  
 ' existence, who, when you shall know, will  
 ' not a little surprise you.—But not a word  
 ' of this till I see you. I hope to find you  
 ' either happy or on the point of becoming  
 ' so. This, at least, is a certain bliss; and,  
 ' with this, if so my destiny should decree,  
 ' I must endeavour to rest content. Fare-  
 ' well! Should you mention your friend to  
 ' the mistress of your heart, should you tell  
 ' her she has superseded his sister, tell her  
 ' likewise she has gained a brother, nay,  
 ' perhaps, a sister also, of whom may she  
 ' become the friend, and whom may she  
 ' render as much alive to love as she herself

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' is. That she may, however, love you,  
' Lindorf, equal to your deserts, is the ar-  
' dent prayer of

' WALSTEIN.

P. S. ' Were you not in love I scarcely  
' could pardon you two thoughtless omis-  
' sions; the first, not having dated your  
' letter, so that I neither know how long  
' it has been coming, nor where you at  
' present are; I suppose at Berlin, and,  
' therefore, have directed as usual; the se-  
' cond, your not having said a word of your  
' late uncle, the commander, nor of his  
' will. You find I have heard of it,  
' though, and I congratulate you on this  
' addition to your fortune. The clause by  
' which you are obliged to marry within two  
' years will not be the least impediment to  
' your succession. Once more, farewell, I  
' am

“ am impatient till we meet, and till I have  
 “ said the thousand things I have to say.”

“ You know the rest, Caroline: I have  
 “ done. It is not for words to tell you  
 “ what I felt, either after reading this let-  
 “ ter or after finding how presumptuous  
 “ and culpable my hopes had been. I  
 “ began this manuscript the moment I got  
 “ home, yesterday. The time has been  
 “ short; my wearied hand and eyes scarce  
 “ have power to trace an adieu which my  
 “ tears would efface; or to supplicate your  
 “ pardon for an unfortunate man who has  
 “ disturbed your present tranquillity. Oh!  
 “ may he be wholly forgotten by you, and  
 “ may you recover that peace, that serenity  
 “ of soul without which happiness may not  
 “ be. Oh! Caroline, believe the friend  
 “ who knows your heart better, at this mo-  
 “ ment, than you yourself, and who knows,

“ also, the man to whom, henceforth, it is  
 “ your duty to consecrate this your heart,  
 “ your life ; it is with him, only, by making  
 “ him as happy as he deserves, that you  
 “ can find happiness yourself. But you  
 “ have read, and justice and love by this  
 “ must have passed sentence. This sen-  
 “ tence cannot but be in favour of Wal-  
 “ stein, and I have nothing more to add.

“ I have not yet come to any determina-  
 “ tion respecting myself ; I neither know  
 “ what I shall do or what say, to Wal-  
 “ stein. I ought, perhaps, to tell him all ;  
 “ but a word, which escaped me in my let-  
 “ ter, a word I would redeem with my life,  
 “ has for ever sealed my lips.

“ No, Caroline, never shall these lips, or  
 “ this heart, pronounce your name. I  
 “ will even deprive myself of that consola-  
 “ tion. Farewell, Caroline farewell—For  
 “ ever !

“ ever!—Ay, for ever; for never more  
 “ must I see you unless I could cease to love  
 “ you. Oh! might this love become so sancti-  
 “ fied that I might only behold, in you, the  
 “ wife of Walstein! Oh! might I restore each  
 “ of you a friend worthy of yourselves!—  
 “ This or death is all I have to hope!—  
 “ Adieu, adieu! I fly to give you this; once  
 “ more to behold you—No, not to behold.  
 “ I will not look on Caroline! You are the  
 “ wife of my friend; the Countess of Wal-  
 “ stein. Yes, to the Countess of Walstein  
 “ I am bringing these papers, this picture.  
 “ Caroline is no longer in being; not Lin-  
 “ dorf’s Caroline!—You are now at the pa-  
 “ vilion, I fly. Oh! Heaven grant me forti-  
 “ tude, sustain me in this fearful moment.”

We shall not attempt to describe what  
 were the sensations of Caroline after what  
 she had read. Who may express all that



passed in a heart divided between love, remorse, admiration, and, perhaps, even a tincture of jealousy? Louisa and Matilda, by turns, drew her attention; she read again the passages that related to them. What fire, what enthusiasm did she find in Lindorf's expression of his passion for Louisa, compared to the feelings she had observed when in company with herself! She was tempted to believe that the latter were little more than the result of tranquil friendship. As to the young Matilda—how happy was she, who dared love Lindorf and own her passion!—Ay, but how much to be pitied; not to be beloved again! Charming Matilda! Generous Wallstein! Ye merit not ingratitude from others!

Caroline well recollected that, during the week preceding her marriage, the Count had mentioned his sister, and the hope that

Caroline

Caroline and she would become friends; but, as she was then wholly absorbed in meditating on the means of separation, she had paid little attention to his discourse. But ah! how bitter was the remembrance of having injured this Matilda, this sister; injured her beyond reparation; robbed her of a heart over which her claims were so numerous, and so legitimate! It was true she did not seem sufficiently to know the value of this heart, thought Caroline, as she again perused the letter of the Count to Lindorf; and, though the apparent want of sensibility in Matilda was in every respect a subject of consolation to Caroline, yet could she scarcely pardon her.

Deep in thought, on the many and strange events she just had read, sat Caroline, and perceived not that it was noon, when a servant came from the Baroness to seek her.

She hastily gathered up the papers that were spread open around her, and locked them up in her bureau; but, as she was going, she perceived the box, containing the portrait, still on the table; this she slipped into her pocket, and ran to the Baroness.

Caroline found her with a note she had received from Lindorf, which she could not read. "Here, my dear," said the Canoness, as she entered, "open this, and let me hear what our dear young Gentleman says, whom we have not seen for these two days; we shall learn why he is absent; I cannot tell thee how much I miss him." The melancholy Caroline, expecting what the contents would be, sighed, raised her eyes to Heaven, and took the note. It contained compliments to the ladies; informed them he, Lindorf, was forced to depart immediately, on very essential and pressing business; could

not

not have the honour of seeing them again; assured them, however, he never could forget them, and earnestly hoped a continuance of their esteem and friendship.

Yes, certainly, Caroline knew, before she read, the contents of this note; it was no surprise to her; yet was she so affected as scarcely to be able to pronounce a word. The conviction she should see him no more, that all intercourse between them was over, the cold and studied contrast of this billet, compared to the manuscript she just had read, the words esteem and friendship, traced by the same hand that so lately had painted, with such enthusiasm, the strongest sensations of the soul, the constraint she was under by the presence of the Baroness, all conspired to render her situation almost insupportable. Might one easily suppose her distress could suffer augmentation? Scarcely had she fi-

nished the note, suppressing her sobs, though the tears ran incessantly down her cheeks, when, taking her handkerchief out of her pocket, the box, which she had just put in it, and which was then far from her thoughts, fell at her feet, and, lying open, on the ground, presented that form, and those features which she had before feared to look on. The accident was a very trifling one, yet did it make an incredible impression on Caroline; ay, as great as though the Count himself, in person, had stood before her and reproached her for infidelity. Her exclamation was almost a shriek. She stooped for the box, turned away her eyes, as she picked it up, and hastily ran from the chamber, without knowing why or from whom she fled—She presently recovered, returned and found the Canoness surprised at the cry she had uttered, and her sudden flight; and still more affected at the fare-  
well

well billet of Lindorf, and this his so unexpected departure.

The disorder in her eyes was a cataract; which, daily increasing, had too far injured her sight to see the picture. Caroline might say what she pleased, and it was much more easy to avoid an explanation concerning that than to answer the questions, suppositions, and lamentations of the Baroness on the departure of Lindorf, which were unceasing. It broke all her measures, disconcerted all her projects, and absolutely threw her into despair! Caroline, afflicted as she herself was, yet was obliged to exhaust her imagination to comfort her friend. The best mode, no doubt, would have been to have proved, by confessing her marriage, how chimerical all these her projects were. Caroline, who, at last, perceived what her views had been, in encouraging the visits of Lindorf,

dorf, wished to make this confession; but it was now become so painful, so difficult, she had not the power. How might she so much as pronounce the name of the Count! How relate his wrongs! "I am the source of misery to the most virtuous of human beings, the most sublime, most worthy of felicity; and then, when I ought to have held myself blest, beyond the lot of women, then did I yield to antipathy, the most unreasonable, the most unjust."

Thus reasoned Caroline; nor was this antipathy the only sensation for which she had cause to blush. The name of Lindorf was as painful to pronounce as that of Walstein; she resolved, therefore, to wait the answer of her father, and the effect of time, ere she spoke, and to support, as well as she was able, the regret of the Baroness for the absence of Lindorf. In  
fact,

fact, she regretted, it too much herself not to find her heart in unison with that of her friend ; and, however painful this continual subject of conversation might sometimes be, yet was she so interested in it that she seemed to listen as though it were fascination to her ears. She became still more assiduous in her attentions to the Baroness than before, who, being deprived of sight, had still more need of her cares. She went no more to the pavilion ; her books and treasures were, one after another, brought back to her apartment ; though her musical instruments and painting utensils were the last. The mind must be at ease before it can wholly devote itself to, and coolly consider, any subject. Caroline, whenever alone, was constantly reading her manuscript and letters, ruminating on the beautiful Louisa, the young Matilda, and the Count ; sitting lost in a multitude of unconnected ideas, which



which were usually succeeded by a flood of tears. She, likewise, became so familiar with the picture, that, at last, she was never easy but when looking at it, and never beheld it without emotion; nay, even not without pleasure. "Great God!" would she say, with her eyes fixed on the features, "if, to so many virtues, a person so noble and a countenance so expressive were added, what mortal might be worthy of him? If!—Why do I say if? Who at present is worthy of Walfstein? Am I? Oh! no, no; the best of men deserves the best of women; deserves a heart devoted to him, and him only!"

Leave we, for a time, the lovely Caroline to reflect, weep over, and alternately read the manuscript of Lindorf and the letters of Walfstein; and let us see what became of the two friends. Indeed, the profound

found

found solitude of Caroline, the monotony of her present life, and the struggles of her heart, would but weary the reader. Not that it was dulness by which she was tormented; no, it was a state of continual agitation; the least noise she heard made her whole frame tremble and her blood run cold. Her imagination, incessantly employed on Lindorf and the Count, persuaded her that one of the two would arrive at Rindaw. What! might she think that Lindorf, who had banished himself for ever from her presence, would return? No: when she reasoned with herself, read his manuscript, and recollected the obligations he was under to Walfstein, she would exclaim, with conviction, "Never, never shall I see him more." But love and imagination do not always reason; and, unconscious of it herself, perhaps she thought, more than  
 once,

once, he would not have the fortitude to keep his resolution.

She was deceived. At the farther part of Silesia, in his melancholy mansion of Ronebourg, Lindorf repented of his involuntary crime with tears and groans, and thought the expiation of a life scarcely sufficient atonement. Alas! how often was he tempted to terminate that life he no longer could consecrate to Caroline, and which had, hitherto, been so fatal to the best of friends! But he knew them both too well not to be certain that such an act would for ever destroy their happiness and tranquillity. He read the Sorrows of Werter, but they produced a very different effect to what might have been expected. The despair of Charlotte, of Albert, the friend of Werter, were terrible; and, more generous than the latter,

Lindorf

Lindorf would rather live and suffer than empoison the felicity of those he loved.

During the first part of his residence at Ronebourg life was become so odious to him, and the pain of supporting it appeared so great, that he thought, thus, by enduring this pain, to make some reparation for his wrongs, which idea was his only consolation. We must likewise observe if his passions were violent they were the less likely to be eternal. Notwithstanding his subtle distinction concerning the different species of love, he had adored Louisa; and, though he had not the same extreme passion for Matilda, yet had she, certainly, begun to make a considerable impression on his heart, when she was carried off. We have since seen to what excess he loved Caroline; hope we then that time, or some other passion, may cure him of this unfortunate love. His heart

heart is too honest, his affection for Walstein too sincere, to make him endeavour to cherish sentiments he knows to be criminal.

He had been a recluse, more than a month, at Ronebourg, and his cure was not very far advanced when, one day, attempting, a second time, to write to the Count, without well knowing what to say, he beheld the Count, himself, enter his chamber, and run into his arms. Surprised, at his arrival from Petersburg, not to find Lindorf at Berlin, and learning, from the servants he had left there, he was gone to Ronebourg, where he was alone, Walstein, who dreaded some unexpected misfortune, waited only to pay his duty to the King and his good father-in-law, the High Chamberlain, and immediately departed to learn what might be the motives of this his singular retreat, at the very moment he supposed  
him

him in the full enjoyment of happiness. No sooner were the first transports of surprise, emotion, and joy over, than the Count began his interrogations. They were dictated by the fears and affections of friendship. "Tell me, instantly, dear Lindorf," said he, "wherefore do I find you here, alone, melancholy, with some secret malady at your heart, which your countenance but too plainly betrays? Unfold the cruel mystery, my friend. What is become of the lady you loved? Why is she not with you? Why not united to you? Wherefore is not my friend happy?"

The Count might have continued speaking; for Lindorf, ignorant of his coming, unprepared to answer questions so terrible as these; kept a mournful silence. Walsein was silent also; but he pressed the hand of Lindorf, while his countenance, expressive  
of

of the feelings of his heart, seemed to demand his confidence. At length, "What!" said he, "Lindorf, will you not tell me? Am I no longer your friend; the faithful guardian of your bosom secrets? and have I not a right to read what passes there?"

"Yes, yes," cried Lindorf, "you have every imaginable right over me; you are my friend, the best of friends, and never did I feel it more powerfully than at this moment, in which I am obliged to refuse you what you ask." The Count, amazed, fell back some paces. Lindorf continued, "Oh! my dear Walstein, recoil not from your unhappy friend, condemn him not too lightly. Silence is not my choice but the effect of absolute necessity; and, did you know, you must approve my motives. Restrained by honour, oaths, every thing most sacred, I may not betray a secret which re-  
gards

gards not me alone. Ask no more concerning this unfortunate affair, but pity him who is deprived of the melancholy resource of dividing his griefs."

The Count again went up to Lindorf, again took him by the hand, and his looks proved how much he was affected. "Restrained by honour and oaths!" said he; "my questions, then, all are ended; too well, myself, I know how far a secret promise is obligatory, and I am answered—Yet, is the misfortune without a remedy? Have you no hope?"

"None, none," replied Lindorf, with vehemence. "I have forever lost her whom I adored; she exists no more"—Lindorf stopped; he was going to have added, *for me*, but was fearful of saying too much; and the Count exclaimed, "Good God! Lindorf,



dorf, exists no more ! What ! has death deprived you of her ? Ah ! dear and unfortunate Lindorf, how infinitely do I pity you !”

Lindorf wished to undeceive him, yet his fears again kept him silent ; he dreaded lest Walstein should divine the truth, and, on consideration, was not sorry he had thus misunderstood him. His silence, therefore, confirmed this idea of death, and would destroy every supposition that might have alighted on Caroline. Walstein, however, had none : never had it entered his thoughts that his own wife was the woman so much beloved, so much regretted. He had been absent from Prussia, was equally ignorant of the situation of Rindaw, where he had never been, and of Risberg ; nor did he even know that Lindorf had lived there, or there had formed the connection so fatal to

his repose. He knew, likewise, Caroline was living, and well, and remained persuaded that some tragical event had robbed Lindorf's mistress of life. The gloomy despair in which the latter remained, after this conversation, confirmed the idea. Walstein endeavoured to calm and console him, and asked if he would not return with him to Berlin.

"To Berlin!" cried Lindorf, with terror; "No, no, dear Walstein, never, never.—I must quit this country; I must travel for some years: oppose not a resolution absolutely necessary and fixed. On your friendship I depend to obtain permission, and the conclusion of peace makes me hope it will not be difficult to obtain. Should the King refuse, I must resign my commission; I must depart, I must leave this country."

Ignorant of his real motives, the Count judged he had very urgent reasons for quitting Prussia, and was the less ready to search for objections because he thought a few years travelling might remove his anguish. He, therefore, promised to obtain the leave he desired; and, a few minutes after, added, "It is very possible, dear Lindorf, I may go with you."——"You, Walstein?"——"Yes, I, my friend; I, as well as you, perhaps, may have reasons for wishing to quit my country. We will go together, and we shall be the less unhappy.

"Unhappy!" cried Lindorf; "may you, may the Count of Walstein, speak of unhappiness!"

"I understand your surprise," said the Count, drawing nearer, "but it is time it should end; time it is that I should reveal a secret

secret. I have too long kept hidden. Can I, Lindorf, blame you for mysterious conduct, when you shall know that I have been married these six months?"

Lindorf affected not surprise; it was impossible, on such an occasion especially, to feign what he did not feel; but his embarrassment, the red flushings of his countenance, and his real sensations, there so marked, gave him the appearance of surprise. The Count continued.

"Yes, my friend, I am united to the most angelic of women; and yet am I far from being happy! I will relate all my mournful story; at present it will be some consolation, and may I bring that conviction home to you which I myself begin to experience; that in friendship, only, man ought to seek felicity."

Then did the Count enter on a narrative, bitter to the soul of Lindorf, which he had foreseen, and which, of all tortures, he most had dreaded. The recital confirmed his misfortunes, his remorse, and lacerated his heart. What must be the impression, on that agitated heart, of the name of Caroline, repeated every instant; a name so deeply engraven there, and of which he was obliged to dissemble ignorance? Surely, if Lindorf had been guilty of involuntary wrongs, to this the most worthy of men, what he now suffered was sufficient to expiate all his errors. The Count began his narrative far back; told Lindorf it was the King who, knowing the rich inheritance of Caroline, first projected this marriage, and had written to him concerning it while in Russia. "The motive," said Walstein, "and even the will of my Sovereign, who was very warm on the subject, less influenced me

more than the age and the kind of education of the young lady.

“ Caroline of Lichtfield, still very young, having lived recluse in the country, and never seen any man who had made an impression on her heart, seemed exactly the woman I had so long desired. You know my system was founded on an ignorance of the world, and of love. I certainly shall find means, said I, to allure and attach this young heart; if not by love, at least, by friendship so powerful and gratitude so tender that they may well supply the want of this passion. First appearances will be against me; but succeeding trials and better acquaintance will ascertain our mutual happiness. Full of this dear, this flattering idea, I answered the King with rapture, offering him I should esteem myself too happy might I but obtain the hand of the

young Baroness of Lichtfeld. His Majesty delayed not to reply that he had obtained the promise of the High Chamberlain, and commanded me to return, immediately, and conclude the marriage.

“ I began my journey, but was obliged to remain at Dantzic, ill of a violent fever, which brought me to the brink of the grave; while you, dear Lindorf, were then fulfilling the first and most sacred of duties to an expiring parent. It was two months before I was well enough to continue my journey. I arrived at Berlin, and had the disappointment to find you were not there, I heard also, with anxiety, that my young bride had passed the two months of my illness at court. Ah! how many impediments might these two dreadful months have thrown in the way of happiness! How might they have deranged my whole plan!

I strove

I strove not to conceal my fears from my sovereign, who consoled me with his usual goodness: He had often, himself, observed Caroline, and had always found the same air of innocence, and cheerful sprightliness, which shewed the heart to be at ease. "At leaving her retreat, I gave sufficient intimation," added he, "of what my intentions were, purposely to keep all our young courtiers at a respectful distance; and, though your bride is an angelic young lady, not one of them have attempted to pay her the least attention, more than politeness required; and Caroline, herself, without distinguishing one man above another, has sought her own amusement only." The same evening I was introduced to the Baron of Lichtfield, my future father, and, on the morrow, to the lovely Caroline."

Here the Count related the manner of his first visit, which we have before circum-



stantially described; the aversion of Caroline, which she could not dissemble; and confessed that, no doubt, it would then have been more generous, more delicate, to have abandoned his intents, and that he even had thought so to have done; "but," added Walstein, "it is easy to delude one's self. Imagine, my friend, that this very flight, this emotion, so natural, so open, so unrepressed, which ought perhaps to have terrified, gave me, on the contrary, great pleasure; and, on full reflection, made me more ardent to obtain her. In them I thought I beheld indubitable proof of that candour, that innocence of early youth, which I had feared lest her residence at court might have tainted. Had she been more artful she would certainly have better concealed this first sensation of terror, and I inwardly thanked her for flying me thus. The moment I beheld her, the moment she entered,

entered, led by her father, her ingenuous, open and beautiful countenance, and the graces that were in every motion and in all her form, made their full impresson. She was exactly the person whom, had I had the beauties of the world assembled, I should alone have selected.

"If I did not absolutely believe that I no way contributed to the sudden fear and flight of Caroline, it was not the fault of the High Chamberlain. I listened, however, with pleasure, to his protestations; and, particularly, when he declared, on his word and honour, she had, that very morning, assured him her heart was free, and that she was very willing to be mine. "I have laid no constraint on her," said he, and confirmed it with an oath; "and to-morrow, if her health permit, she herself will tell you so."

“Alas! my friend, how readily does the heart believe what it ardently desires! I departed, almost convinced; and the morrow, and the future morrows, confirmed the illusion. I observed the young lady; she appeared exceedingly timid, but shewed not the least repugnance. Our marriage was fixed, by the King, for that day week, and she consented without asking any delay; nay, once, when delay was mentioned, she begged it might not take place, (The reader will no doubt here recollect the artifice of the High Chamberlain, and the fears of Caroline for her father’s life.) I should have employed the intermediate time in endeavouring to gain her confidence and friendship; but, during the few visits I made, the Baron supposed etiquette required he should not leave us alone. (Here Walstein likewise mistook the High Chamberlain’s motives.) She spoke little, but

but that little had meaning, and was well timed, and discovered a mind that made me more and more enraptured with her, till I imagined myself the most fortunate of men.

“The evening before the ceremony was to be performed, I thought, however, I perceived marks of grief on her lovely countenance. Her eyes were red, her heart seemed heavy, and one might see she endeavoured to stifle her feelings. I was much affected at observing this, and, seizing the opportunity of a moment when we were unobserved, I, tenderly approaching her, said, “Beautiful Caroline, am I any way the cause of grief to you? Is it in my power, by any means, to give you ease?” She, timidly, looked down, and was silent. At last she softly answered, “An engagement for life will occasion fears, but I believe

you, Sir, to be good and generous, and that hope cheers me : on you, alone, my happiness will depend."

"I knew not how to interpret the manner in which she said this, and was going to reply, but her father came up; she then assumed her natural tone and manner, and seemed no longer to dread the approaching moment. How, then, was it possible I should divine her meaning; or presage the dreadful stroke that awaited me?"

The Count, then, relating all that had passed on the day of the marriage, took from his pocket-book the letter which Caroline had given him, and which has before been read. "Here, my friend," said he, to Lindorf, "take this; read, and see the dreadful reverse; behold the fearful traits of the fallen thunderbolt."

Lindorf

Lindorf had occasion for all his fortitude. With a trembling hand, and with vague and absent eyes, he took and run over lines traced by her he adored, in language most affecting, natural, and eloquent. He would have said something to the Count, as he returned it, but could not articulate a word. He flung himself into the arms of Wallstein, pressed him to his bosom, and a tear, he could no longer detain, fell from his cheek.

Had the Count had the least suspicion of the truth, this excessive emotion might well have given it confirmation; but none he had, for none he sought; his heart was a sanctuary too holy for a guest so vile, and he beheld nothing but sympathetic sensibility, heightened, perhaps, by sympathy of situation.

“Dear Lindorf,” said he, when he was a little calm, “you feel too strongly the distress

distress of your friend; and I even fear I have unconsciously torn the bandage from your own wound. Some explanation, some stroke equally afflicting you may have sustained.—I see—I see I ought to have been silent, ought still to have concealed this fatal secret; your own pangs are sufficient, and I did you injustice when I supposed mine might afford you consolation. I perceive, on the contrary, they do but aggravate—Pardon, pardon, dear Lindorf. This proof of thy friendship, this too strong sensibility of what my feelings are, penetrate me to the very heart.”

“O Walfstein, Walfstein,” exclaimed Lindorf; and, sinking under the oppressive weight of remorse, hid his face with both his hands—He was going instantly to have discovered the real cause of this his emotion, but he remembered Caroline, and the  
oath

oath he had made never to reveal what might, to her, have consequences so fatal; this, the first of duties, suddenly was recollected, and this stopped him short.

The Count, seeing him so deeply affected, wished to change the subject. His feelings, ever delicate, were ever averse to give others pain.—“Come, come, my friend,” said he, “let us take a walk in your park, and we will speak on these matters another time.” Accordingly, they went out together, and the Count discoursed on the country and the Court he had so lately left, and entered into most interesting and curious discussions; for his genius, naturally penetrating and observing, his rank, and the flattering distinctions paid him by the Empress, who highly respected him, gave him the power and the means of seeing and of judging.



This conversation, which Walstein prolonged, and gave all the animation to in his power, purposely that Lindorf might recover himself, had the effect intended; he insensibly became calm, and afterwards highly delighted. No person had the art of captivating the ear and understanding like the Count of Walstein; his mild and persuasive eloquence, the tone of his voice, which spoke to the heart, and his happy choice of words, rendered his conversation inexpressibly sweet and agreeable: great knowledge, without pedantry or seeming consciousness that he possessed it, happy expressions, perspicuity, and connection in all he said, and that kind of honest insinuation which adapts itself to, and draws forth, the powers of others, rendered him, indeed, a most amiable, as well as a most instructive companion. No person could be in his company without having learnt something,

nor

nor without being exceedingly well satisfied with himself. Since his marriage, the Count had lost much of the gaiety of early youth, which even his accident had not before robbed him of; but it was replaced by a strong imagination, an energetic fire, which appertained to him only, and which could only by hearing him be perfectly conceived. While he spoke no auditor remembered his person, and, more than once, at Petersburg, it was his fault that the ladies did not entirely forget it. Let us add, now we are on the subject, that this person, so ill treated, was so much improved that Lindorf himself was surprised, and Caroline, who had seen him after a two months illness, would have been still more so, had she beheld him now. His hair, which had come off after the fever, had grown again in abundance, was of a fine colour, and well disposed. The scar on his face, greatly filled up, was scarcely

scarcely apparent; he was no longer meagre, but had an appearance of youth and health, very different from the yellow and livid tints his malady had left, at the time of his marriage: a bit of green silk, and a ribband, properly disposed, removed that disgust which the loss of an eye might, at first sight, have caused; and a little attention to himself had considerably corrected his habit of stooping; so that his shape seemed remarkable only by an easy and negligent attitude, much preferable to upright formality. It is true, he still limped, but he was oftener seated than walking; hence we may well imagine that, with exceeding fine teeth, and infinite expression in his countenance, the Count of Walstein, then little above thirty, was not much an object of aversion. Had he been the same some months sooner, Caroline would not have fled, her letter would not have been written,

nor

nor would this history have existed. Every thing therefore is right; let us return to our two friends.

Their walk continued till dusk, and Lindorf, highly pleased with the company of his friend, and fascinated by his conversation, presently recovered himself perfectly. Impatient to know what were the resolutions of Walsstein respecting Caroline, he intreated him to finish his history. "It is finished," answered the Count; "things remain just as they were. You know me too well, dear Lindorf, to imagine I should refuse a request made in terms so strong, so affecting, and even so reasonable, as was that of Caroline. I obtained, but not without some trouble, permission for her to return and live at Rindaw, with the friend by whom she had been educated. The King, not very well pleased, I suppose, that a match

match of his making should have this kind of conclusion, exacted the most profound secrecy.—

“But ought not I to have been an exception?” said Lindorf, suddenly interrupting the Count—“Have I not cause, my friend, to reproach you for this secrecy? What! conceal the most interesting event of your whole life from me?”

“I own it was wrong, dear Lindorf, and often have I reproached myself; but the King had commanded, and both my duties and obligations have given me the habit of paying the most scrupulous attention to his orders: yet, had we met, I should certainly have told you; but the fear of a letter miscarrying, and the conviction that my distress would have grieved you, were additional motives to secrecy; and, in fact,

my

my friend; by your present feelings, I find it is happy you were not acquainted with it sooner."

Lindorf made no reply; though he felt the exact contrary most forcibly; but he did not expect what was coming.

"Yes, my friend," added the Count, smiling, "you have youth and sensibility, and the Countess of Walstein is an angel; you would have asked permission to visit her, nay, I myself should have requested you so to do; you have since been in love, but your heart, then, was free, and might have been put to a trial so severe that I cannot but be happy to think you have escaped it. I own your sufferings from love may be the same; but what, Lindorf, would have been the excess of that wretchedness had the object of that love been the wife of your friend?

friend? Nay, even Caroline herself would have been too much exposed to danger. "I own, my dear Lindorf," said Walstein, tapping him on the shoulder, "though I love you as a friend, I should fear you as a rival."

Poor Lindorf!—Happily it was twilight, and in a dark room; nay, perhaps, Lindorf had chosen this situation and hour, purposely, to renew the conversation. As soon as he could recover his speech, "I hope," said he, "Walstein does not think, cannot imagine, I ever might be his rival. I hope he will do me the justice to believe that the title of his wife would be pledge sufficient for my faith."

"Yes, if any faith might be kept with youth, grace, wit, and beauty," replied the Count. "But do not understand that seriously, dear

dear Lindorf, which is not seriously meant ; and which I should not have said, had there really been any danger.——At present you are but too much out of the power of love; besides, you are not likely to see the Countess; nay, perhaps, even I myself.”

“ You yourself ! ”

“ Dear Lindorf, I know not how to act. Perhaps the impediments I have found may heighten sensations which a week’s acquaintance ought not to have rendered very passionate ; yet do they unceasingly assault me. I more than ever feel my happiness depends on living with Caroline, for Caroline, and by Caroline to be beloved, as much as a man like me may be beloved ; yet never had I less hope of attaining these my so ardent desires.”

Lindorf



Lindorf listened with downcast eyes. "She still remains at Rindaw," added the Count, "which, since our separation, she has never left; there living in a most profound retreat; unseeing and unseen, and debarred of all the pleasures she has every right to enjoy, and which her short stay at court may, most probably, have taught her to regret. Indeed, I have been told she seemed exceedingly fond of dancing; yet, might it be believed, all these pleasures, these wishes so natural at sixteen, have been less powerful with her than the dreadful antipathy she has conceived to me! This has given her force and fortitude incredible, and Caroline, with pleasure, buries her youth and her charms in solitude, to avoid living with a husband she hates!"

The generous, the philosophic, the capacious heart of Walfstein himself scarcely  
could

could contain its sorrows. While thus he spoke, the deep and lengthened sigh heaved in his bosom, and silently escaped, while the tear was with difficulty detained and repelled.

"Have you heard of her since your return?" said Lindorf, in a low voice. "Are you certain she persists in this unjust separation?"

"Too certain," replied the Count, seeking among the papers of his pocket-book. "Here is a letter from her to her father; he has lately received, and sent it inclosed to me. You there will find she declares her determination to continue at Rindaw, and *that her heart and her reason still revolt at the ties she has formed.*"

Lindorf took the letter, read it as he had read the preceding one; but remarked the

date, saw it had been written the very day on which he wrote the manuscript, sighed with bitterness of spirit, and gave it back.

“The High Chamberlain,” continued the Count, “has said, in his letter, that he had written such an answer as became him. The phrase made me tremble; for his answer, no doubt, was harsh and despotic. Caroline, perhaps, at this instant, drowned in tears, accuses me, anew, of tyranny, and her hatred increases. My only happiness is that this her hatred is not caused by a passion for any other man.—Oh, Lindorf! speak, aid, guide me; tell me how I ought to act in a situation so delicate; from you I hope salutary advice.”——“Advice,” said Lindorf, hesitating. “Walstein ought to take advice only of his own heart.”——“I understand thee, my friend,” said the Count,  
“and

“and my heart, already, has dictated what it becomes me to do.”

What this was we shall know, hereafter; at present, leave we Lindorf to breathe, who had sufficiently suffered, during this painful conversation; leave we the Count to recover from the fatigues of his journey, and let us return to Caroline.

The terrible answer of her father she had received. Not only did he permit, but he commanded, her to inform the Canoness of her marriage; and prepare, immediately, to quit her, and to return to inhabit Walstein house. “Too long,” said he, “has this obliging husband allowed you to indulge a whim which his absence only could make me tolerate; ’tis time it should end. The Count is come back, and does not chuse to be deprived of his

“ wife ; he claims his rights, and, for my  
 “ part, be certain you shall for ever remain  
 “ deprived of those you have to my affec-  
 “ tion, and likewise to my wealth, if you  
 “ make the least difficulty about returning.  
 “ Expect no one to support you : I speak  
 “ in the name of a King, a Husband, and a  
 “ Father, equally angered by your long and  
 “ obstinate disobedience.”

This was not true; the High Chamber-  
 lain acted on his own authority, and had  
 neither received the command or the advice  
 of any person for this fulminating letter;  
 but he wished to try if he might not obtain  
 from terror an effect which kindness, reason,  
 and retirement had not produced. He was,  
 beside, outrageous at this unforeseen per-  
 severance of his daughter. A witness of the  
 honours the Count received, at returning  
 from his embassy, of the friendship the King

had so openly testified for him, and of the high and unrivalled favour he enjoyed, he impatiently burned to proclaim Walstein his son, and participate his glory. It was during a fit of this counteracted passion that he had written to his daughter; but Caroline, not suspecting it was possible to alter or disguise the truth, understood all he wrote literally: the anger of the King afflicted her, and that of her spouse, especially, because she saw not the general as Walstein, whom the manuscript and letters of Lindorf had shewn, her in this tyranny; and whom, from being obliged to admire, she began a little to love. But this sensation gave place to fear and dislike, the moment she thought it possible he should abuse his power.

“Alas!” said she, while again she read his letters to Lindorf, and opened the box

to look at his picture, which she as suddenly shut again in displeasure, "alas! his character is changed as much as his person. If he be already so much irritated at this my resistance, what will he become when he shall learn the fatal secret of my heart, and that it has yielded wholly to his friend? Of this he cannot long remain ignorant, nor can he but know I love when he shall be told I am acquainted with Lindorf."

Despair redoubled at the thought. The supposition of living with a husband already prejudiced against her, perhaps jealous, and undoubtedly despotic, since he had commanded her to return, was revolting. She no longer felt herself obliged to his condescension for suffering her to depart, and consenting that she should remain at Rindow all the time he was absent; "he was, no doubt, glad I might there remain shut

up while he was at Petersburg; and proves, but too incontrovertibly, delicacy and mild complaisance were not his motives.—Ah! Lindorf, friendship deceives you; the Count of Walstein possesses not those virtues you imagine.”

To all this anguish was added that of having to relate her story to the Canoness. As often as she endeavoured to speak expression expired on her lips; never could she determine so to afflict that tender and unfortunate friend, so at once to excite her anger and her grief, by informing her of the secret she so long had kept from her, and of the approaching departure of her dear pupil. The loss of her sight had rendered the company of Caroline her sole consolation; and often did she repeat that the moment she was deprived of that would be the moment of her death; wherefore the



idea of being obliged to quit her added increase of pangs to the affectionate Caroline; nor could she resolve to plunge the poignard to her heart by speaking of this dreadful separation, though she thought it inevitable. Yet did she hope it might, for a time, be deferred. Her father had fixed no day; he only had commanded her to hold herself ready against he should come to take her away; accompanied, no doubt, by Walstein, her formidable husband.

To them she left the office of informing the Canonesses, and daily waited their coming, in trances of despair; having no other hope but that of dying in the arms of her dear Mamma, with grief of being thus torn from her. In this inquietude, this continual agitation, was she, which considerably affected her health, when she one day received a letter. The handwriting and the arms on the

the

the seal were instantly recollected, and caused an emotion, a contraction of the heart, which scarcely can be imagined. It was from the Count himself. She trembled as she opened it; and was near fainting when she saw, at the top, it was dated from the castle of Ronebourg, the mansion of Lindorf.—  
 “Merciful God! He is with Lindorf!”—  
 Caroline was obliged to pause awhile, and collect all her fortitude, ere she could read what follows.

*From the Count of WALSTEIN to CAROLINE.*

At the Castle of Ronebourg, belonging  
 to the Baron of Lindorf, Oct. 17, 17—

“SHOULD I be so unfortunate as that the  
 “receipt of this letter might occasion any  
 “sensation of apprehension, or dread, let  
 “me conjure her to whom it is addressed  
 “to, dispel all such feelings; kindly to

“ read, and firmly to believe that he who  
 “ wrote it would rather perish than give  
 “ her heart the slightest pang.

“ Yes, Madam, for, alas ! I dare not  
 “ call you by a name more tender, think  
 “ me, what I am, your friend ; at least  
 “ what I wish to be ; and, as a tender  
 “ friend, permit me thus, a moment, to  
 “ converse with you, on that which, of all  
 “ things in the world, I have most at heart,  
 “ the happiness of Caroline ; nothing is  
 “ there I will not do may I but hope to con-  
 “ tribute to this happiness. Deign to give  
 “ me your commands ; think not of my  
 “ ease, for willingly will I suffer, and my  
 “ sufferings shall even become my plea-  
 “ sures, so, Madam, that they may be but  
 “ for your sake.

“ The

" The Baron, your father, no doubt, has  
 " written to you. What the contents of  
 " his letter may be I know not ; but, be  
 " they what they may, should they impose  
 " the least constraint on Caroline, they belie  
 " the heart of Walstein. No, Madam, you  
 " are free ; absolute mistress of your own  
 " destiny and of mine. For me, suffer me  
 " here to leave the decision of what I shall  
 " hereafter become to yourself ; for here I  
 " solemnly vow to submit to the sentence  
 " you shall pronounce. Yet, how can I  
 " entertain the most momentary hope ?  
 " Have I not, now before my eyes, the let-  
 " ter in which you have declared, to your  
 " father, your heart is still the same ; that  
 " your unfortunate husband is still the ob-  
 " ject of worse than dislike, and that your  
 " sole wish is to live separate from him ?  
 " Alas !—But be it so, Caroline ; you  
 " shall be obeyed : your wishes to me are

“ laws; beforetime I was too eager to grati-  
 “ fy my own, and thus have fettered you  
 “ for life. Myself I ought to punish, and  
 “ endeavour to merit both your esteem and  
 “ gratitude by absenting myself so long as  
 “ you shall please so to ordain.

“ No, Caroline, you shall not be doomed  
 “ to live sequestered me to avoid. The  
 “ Court shall not be deprived of its brightest  
 “ ornament, nor your father of a daughter  
 “ who of all his honours is the highest.  
 “ Return to this father, enjoy those inno-  
 “ cent pleasures which you so well are  
 “ formed to enjoy; nor fear to have them  
 “ empoisoned by my presence. My reso-  
 “ lution is fixed. I am here with a friend,  
 “ whom an unhappy passion obliges to  
 “ travel, for some years, and I am deter-  
 “ mined to travel with him; my company  
 “ will alleviate his sufferings, and my own  
 “ will

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“ will be relieved by the sweet hope that  
“ you are more happy, your heart more at  
“ ease, and that I am repairing, as far as  
“ repair I can, all the wrongs I have done  
“ you. To you, Madam, I leave the choice  
“ of the name you shall bear; if mine be  
“ odious, if you still would with the world  
“ should call you Caroline of Lichtfield,  
“ and if you would rather reside with your  
“ father, I can easily obtain permission from  
“ him, and from the King, that our mar-  
“ riage shall still remain a secret. But if,  
“ as it appears by your letter, a secret like  
“ this would be too painful a constraint on  
“ a mind so frank and ingenuous, if you  
“ consent to acknowledge me for your hus-  
“ band, when you come to Berlin, assume  
“ the name, the title, and the rank, of  
“ the Countess of Walstein. This kind  
“ condescension, by satisfying your father  
“ and your King, may probably increase  
“ your

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“ your freedom and happiness. You will  
“ inhabit Walstein House, you will com-  
“ mand my servants; pardon me, Madam,  
“ not mine; yours; you will prevail on your  
“ tender and respectable friend, whom you  
“ wish, and whom, indeed, it is your duty,  
“ never to forsake, to come and live with  
“ you. As for me, I here engage myself,  
“ by promises the most sacred and solemn,  
“ never to return to Berlin till you yourself  
“ shall please to recall me; happy, too  
“ happy, if you but let me perceive a pos-  
“ sibility of our future re-union. I rely on  
“ your virtues, your principles, your ge-  
“ nerosity, and will wait, not without im-  
“ patience, but without fear and without  
“ complaint, the day you shall please  
“ to fix.—This day will come; yes,  
“ I dare hope it will; you will, some time  
“ hereafter, feel the want of a sincere and  
“ bosom friend; and never, Caroline, no,  
“ never,

“ never, will you find me more sincere,  
 “ more affectionate, than a husband who  
 “ adores you, and whose whole happiness  
 “ will consist in the desire, and the endea-  
 “ vour, to make you happy.

“ I wait your answer before I depart.  
 “ Direct it to ~~Ronchbourg~~, at the Baron of  
 “ Linderf’s, who is the friend whom I be-  
 “ fore mentioned, and of whom I shall here-  
 “ after often speak, if you will deign to per-  
 “ mit me to correspond with you, which  
 “ will, indeed, be to me a great consolation.  
 “ Fear neither the King nor your father.  
 “ I will take care to give a plausible pre-  
 “ text for my travelling and my absence;  
 “ which, perhaps, may be very, very  
 “ long; but the real motives of which  
 “ they never shall know.

“ Farewell,



“ Farewell, Madam ; you, most likely,  
 “ will approve of this my arrangement——  
 “ Alas ! it is very, very different from what  
 “ I formed when I asked your hand ; but,  
 “ if your felicity be thereby ensured, the  
 “ end I proposed is still obtained.

“ EDMUND AUGUSTUS,  
 “ Count of Walstein.”

The letter was ended ; but what were the  
 sensations of Caroline ? Surprise, admira-  
 tion, remorse, affection ? Who can answer ?  
 All ! All mingled and together confounded.  
 She herself knew not what ! Long she re-  
 mained motionless, her eyes rivetted on that  
 paper which had so entirely reversed all her  
 opinions, and the contents of which were so  
 unexpected. Recovering from this kind of  
 annihilation, her first impulse was to rise,  
 open her bureau, assemble all the papers

Lindorf

Lindorf had left, run to the chamber of her dear Mamma, and there bring her acquainted with this wonderful man ! There inform her of the ties by which they were united, and seek, in her friendship, that aid of which her heart at present stood so much in need ! This husband, who so lately had been an object of such dread, assumed a form so wholly different, displayed a mind so congenial with her own, that she now could gladly have clasped him to her bosom. Her fetters, so heavy half an hour ago, now scarcely fetters seemed. “ Ah Walsstein,” said she, “ generous Walsstein ! No ; thou shalt not go ; thou shalt not make thyself my victim ! ”

She stopped short, fearing to engage herself too far. Her affections were struggling, her mind was still oppressed, but by ideas far less afflicting. When she came to her friend she had not the pain she before felt in preparing

to have nothing painful to relate. Oh ! Madam, when you shall know what an angel he is, and how great have been my wrongs, you will not any longer pity your Caroline ; she asks only a little indulgence, and the patience to hear a long recital ; for nothing, hereafter, Mamma, will I hide from you ; no ; nothing, nothing.”

Caroline kept her word, nor did she surprise the Canoness by confessing her love for Lindorf.—“ Alas ! I saw it well enough,” replied the Canoness ; “ and I, poor silly woman that I was, congratulated myself on the discovery. I intended—Yes, yes, I had a great many intentions ; had contrived every thing. See what an error your fine secret has led me into ! Am not I acquainted with the effects of the passions ? Amiable people meet ; and, because they are amiable, fall in love. We are formed for love, and

to love eternally ; for first impressions are never effaced."

"Ah !" exclaimed Caroline, with enthusiasm, "I hope, Mamma, you are mistaken ; I hope they sometimes are effaced ; at least it shall not be my fault if they are not. No ; it shall not."—"Fault, poor girl, it would be no fault of thine ; but thy struggles will all be in vain. What ! surely I know ! The more you combat love the more it increases. For how is it possible to cease to love ?"

"Very possible, Mamma, when love renders us guilty.—Oh ! dear, dear Madam, you know not, cannot imagine, how guilty we both were ; I for offending the best of husbands, and Lindorf a friend such as man never had before."

Caroline

Caroline then began to read her manuscript, and thought she never could have got through it, so incessantly was she interrupted by the exclamations of the good kind hearted Canoness. At first she was in raptures with the brave General, who died to save the life of his King. Then too did the young Count interest her, but still her dear Lindorf lay at her heart. "How charmingly he writes," said she; "how tender, how feeling his style! Ah! how sorry am I! He would have been the husband for my Caroline." When however they came to Louisa, her friendship suffered considerable abatement.—"What praises does he bestow on this girl! Is it for a gentleman, and a Baron, to notice whether or not a village lass be pretty!"—But when she beheld him seriously in love with, and desirous of marrying her, she could contain her anger no longer; nay, so great was it that Caroline

felt somewhat sorry for having given it birth.—“Speak not a word in his defence,” said the Canoness. “Oh! how has he deceived me! Love a peasant’s daughter! Intend to marry her! And, after that, dare to pay his addresses to Miss Lichtfield! ’Tis abominable! and thou oughtest to think thyself most happy for having been married, and not made the successor of this his Louisa. The second love, truly; and the first for a poor villager! How have I been deceived in that man; and who hereafter may one confide in!”

Caroline, more affected than humbled at having been the object of a second passion, made no reply, but sighed, and again continued to read, as soon as the petulant Baroness would permit. In proportion as the fickle Lindorf sunk in her esteem, did Walstein rise; and he soon became her entire hero.

hero. His dignity, energy, and noble mind enchanted her; "You are too happy," repeated she to Caroline, "to be the wife of such a man! What tell you me of his not being handsome? You are wrong; he is as handsome as an Angel, and his sentiments are the sentiments of a God!—How did he speak to that diminutive Lindorf? You do not find him in love with a village girl."

Yet she knew not what to think, for a while, of his behaviour to Louisa; but, afterwards, when she came to the dreadful catastrophe, when she saw the Count wounded, disfigured, and heard to what excess he had carried his generosity and friendship, she was suffocated, absolutely unable to restrain herself, her tears, or her exclamations. Lindorf was a monster and Walstein a deity, before whom mere mortals ought

ought to fall prostrate! Her enthusiasm increased in every line, and his letters to his friend made it astonishment! She protested Heaven had created this man, purposely, for her Caroline: his soul was not of this age, he was a Cyrus, an Oroondates, every thing she had heard, read, or could imagine, of sublime. "As to your Lindorf, you see he merely resembles the present race; you will find he still loves Matilda; nay, that he could love a dozen at a time. To be sure, as to this Lady, she is a Countess, but never will I forgive him his Louisa. I make no doubt but he will return to Matilda, now; but I sincerely hope she will act towards him as I did to the High Chamberlain, when he came to offer me his hand after the death of thy mother, and that she, like me, with noble pride, will give her refusal.



“ I hope not,” cried Caroline, and the hope came from the bottom of her heart; even she herself was surprised at it; never before had she truly felt so anxious a desire that Lindorf again might love Matilda, and that to her he might henceforth be no more than a brother. Walfstein, indeed, possessed a soul so superior, so transcendent, one to whom it was so honourable to be allied, that Caroline actually felt her attachment for Lindorf was not, at this moment, the strongest attachment of her heart. It was a moment of enthusiasm, we own; and which the strong and sympathetic feelings of her friend had increased; but we may leave the task of still increasing them to the care of this friend.

When she came to the last letter, which Caroline had received that day; the letter in which the Count spoke of her, thought  
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of her, and confirmed her in the hope of for ever living with her dear Caroline; when she heard the phrase *You will prevail on your tender and respectable friend, whom you wish, and whom, indeed, it is your duty, never to forsake, to come and live with you*; she no longer could moderate her transports; she kissed Caroline again and again; called her her dear friend, her lovely Countess, and, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, added, "We must not let this angel depart, must we, my child? Must he go?"

"No, certainly," replied Caroline; "I should be the most ungrateful of women, were I to give my consent. Permit me to go and answer his letter, immediately; for the courier returns this evening."

Caroline left the good Parones all amazement, all rapture at what she had heard;

and with matter sufficient to employ her thoughts without dread of dulness from being alone. The very idea of writing to the Count would have petrified Caroline, had it been proposed the evening before; while, at present, nothing seemed more easy; her heart overflowing with gratitude and admiration could not have found an employment more accordant to its feelings; her rapid imagination dictated a thousand things, and, as she entered her apartment, she ran to her bureau. The first object which presented itself, as she opened it, was the box containing the miniature picture of her husband. During her anger against him, to which the letter of her father had given birth, she had concealed the box under the manuscript which she had that day removed; instantly she took it up, opened it, and fixed her eyes on those fine features, that countenance so noble and so mild; and, as she looked, felt  
a sen-

a sensation which never till then had she known. She forgot how much his person was altered, imagined she really beheld him, and was astonished how she could have refused her heart to the original of such a portrait. Insensibly did she become affected, tears rose in her eyes, and with great emotion she pressed the picture to her lips.

Thus was she in a most excellent disposition to answer Walstein; and, had she written at that moment, the answer would have been much more tender than he had dared to hope; but, desirous of confirming these her new sensations, which were the more pleasing because unaccompanied by remorse, she would read once more the letter from the Count. Ah! what ungrateful, what cruel idea then suddenly entered her mind! It was that he, Walstein, required this long, and, perhaps, everlasting separa-

tion; he who proposed it, he who seemed to insist on its taking place!—His reasons were evident; he dreaded living with a capricious, unjust woman, who suffered herself to have been so easily prejudiced; a child, obstinate, wilful, and void of reason; for thus, said Caroline, I must appear to him; thus have I deserved to be thought.

The phrase in which he mentioned Lindorf, and which, before, she had scarcely remarked, made also an unfortunate impression. “A friend whom an unhappy passion obliges to travel. I am determined to go with him.”—How might the Count be ignorant of the object of this passion? Though Lindorf should not have told him, he must, himself, have divined it; it was impossible to be otherwise. Beside, does he not say he is “determined to go with him?”

We are alike easy to suppose what most we wish or most we fear should happen has happened. And now is the active imagination of Caroline busily labouring to paint every object black; and now, the more she reads that letter, which at first appeared so tender, so flattering, the more is she convinced that the generosity of Walstein, only, has dictated his expressions, and that he ardently desires to live from her. For what probability was there, were not such his motives, that he would thus renounce his country, his employments, the Court, and the favour and friendship of his Sovereign? Had he had the least wish to live with her, would he not have made the attempt? Would he not first have seen her, and endeavoured to find what her present thoughts were before he would make so cruel a determination?—

“ Ah!” said she, mournfully laying down the letter and the picture, “ I had a mo-

mentary dream of almost happiness, but it is vanished. Happiness is not for me!—— How dearly would he have loved me! But how may I now hope that should ever happen since he wishes not to know me, since he despises, nay, perhaps, hates me! And yet, how great is his generosity, his benevolence! But, does it become me to abuse this generosity, and, after having sinned against him so unpardonably, must I likewise banish him his country? No, never; I am determined how to act; I will here pass my life, far from him; far from the world; he shall be at liberty to remain at Court, to benefit his country by his virtues, to make those happy who depend on him, and shall not himself be made miserable by Caroline; he will forget, perhaps, that she exists!"

In the full persuasion that all these suppositions were real, she immediately took  
pen

pen and paper; and, as immediately, wrote what follows.

*From CAROLINE to the Count of WALSTEIN.*

Rindaw.

“ No, my lord, I will not delay to  
 “ write the answer you require; happy  
 “ if this my promptitude may any way  
 “ prove how grateful I am, how infinitely  
 “ obliged to the first, the most generous,  
 “ of men! I shall not here discuss what the  
 “ motives were which might induce you  
 “ to make the propositions your letter con-  
 “ tains; yet, believe me, I feel their ge-  
 “ nerous tendency. I hope you will pardon  
 “ me for refusing my consent to your design  
 “ of leaving your country and friends; an  
 “ absence like this might ruin all your fu-  
 “ ture prospects, yet could not change my  
 “ destiny. Of this you have had the good-



“ nefs to leave me absolute miftrefs, and I  
“ am determined, happen what will, here to  
“ remain. My abfence from Berlin injures  
“ no one, interests no one; that city has cer-  
“ tainly forgotten a young creature whom  
“ it fcarcely has feen. As for my father,  
“ he has ever been accuftomed to live with-  
“ out me; the Baronefs of Rindaw, my  
“ dear friend, or, rather, my tender mother,  
“ is the fole being in this world to whom  
“ my exiftence and my prefence may be  
“ both ufeful and agreeable. I neither can  
“ quit her nor wifh her to forfake that re-  
“ tirement in which fhe has lived fo long.  
“ Permit me, therefore, to confecrate my  
“ life wholly to her, to render her declining  
“ years the fame kind and continued cares  
“ fhe took of me in early and helpless in-  
“ fancy. Your letter infures your con-  
“ fent; and, provided we are feparate,  
“ wherefore

“ wherefore should this separation be at a  
 “ distance so immense ?

“ I wish to live here forgotten, and, if  
 “ that be possible, in tranquillity ; but for  
 “ you, my lord, you owe your talents to  
 “ your country and your King, nor is there  
 “ a motive on earth which should sway you  
 “ to renounce employing them for the good  
 “ of weaker and less wise mortals. And is  
 “ it for Caroline to throw the least impedi-  
 “ ment in the way of purposes so noble ?  
 “ Alas ! then should I indeed be guilty,  
 “ and the bitterness of reproach would  
 “ make life wretched ! But no, I wish to  
 “ be just, and will submit to my fate ; nor  
 “ ought I to grieve at it since I am permit-  
 “ ted to live in the bosom of friendship, and  
 “ in that peaceful retreat in which I have  
 “ ever lived. The pleasures of which you  
 “ speak are effaced from my memory, or,

“ at least, have left a recollection so faint,  
“ so shadowy, that I neither wish for nor  
“ regret them. Alas ! I have no regret but  
“ that of not having made the first of man-  
“ kind happy, and wish have I none but  
“ that of hearing in this my retirement  
“ that he enjoys the felicity he so infinitely  
“ deserves. To this it is my duty to con-  
“ tribute, and this I dare promise I have  
“ the fortitude to perform. Solitude has  
“ nothing fearful for my imagination ; on  
“ the contrary, it is the boundary of my  
“ wishes, and, since I am convinced it is  
“ your desire I should live happy, I do not  
“ fear you will give them any opposition—  
“ The Count of Walftein at Berlin and  
“ Caroline at Rindaw will each be stationed  
“ as they ought.

“ My friend has this morning been in-  
“ formed of our marriage ; and since you  
“ consent

“ consent I should bear your name that  
 “ shall henceforth be my ambition ; there-  
 “ fore, hereafter, to those few persons whom  
 “ I may see, and those to whom you wish to  
 “ confide the secret, I shall ever remain

“ CAROLINE, Countess of Walstein.”

Had Caroline refused the title of Countess of Walstein, which she began to have some value for, the Canoness would by no means have acquiesced in this same kind of self-denial ; for while Caroline had been writing her good mamma had taken care to send for all the servants and inform them that Caroline was Countess of Walstein, with a strict injunction to call her my Lady, in future. She was punctually obeyed, and, in the space of a few minutes, two or three of the maids, and as many footmen, entered, under different pretexts, purposely to repeat *my Lady*. “ What will *my Lady* please

please to have? What are *my Lady's* commands?"

No sooner had *my Lady* ended her letter than she ran to read it to her dear friend. "Yes, Mamma," said she, when she had done reading, "I have taken a firm resolution to live and die here, and never love any body but you." A few months before, this project would have enchanted the tender Canoness, but she had now far different views. Her imagination was at the highest pitch of enthusiasm in favour of the Count of Walsstein, and his re-union with Caroline, the accomplishment of which was now the object of every wish. But, as it was a part of her plan to leave the young Countess ignorant of the manner in which she was determined to act, she pretended to approve her letter. Nay, perhaps, she took no little pleasure in retaliation (for there is no age or

or character that will not indulge revenge which they believe innocent) and, in her turn, having her secret also. The letter was, therefore, sealed and directed to the Count of Walftein, at the Baron of Lindorf's, and some have pretended that a sigh escaped Caroline as she wrote the direction; though she, at present, protests not; and if there did, we may well believe it was the last.

And now, not only this day, and the next day, and the day after that, but every day, the Count was frequently present to the imagination of Caroline; and the more she thought of him, the more she delighted to think; all his letters were read, and read again; and she every time thought she discovered new proofs, which had not before been remarked, of the superiority of heart and understanding of this excellent man, whom

whom she had known too late ever to be able now to merit. The picture was taken from its box, tied to a ribband, and hung round the neck of Caroline, which it no more quitted. Twenty times a day would she take it from her bosom, gaze on it with tenderness, and put it back with a sigh. But the more she was convinced Walstein would have made her a most happy woman, the more did generosity, and, perhaps, vanity, applaud the resolution she had taken, well persuaded he wished not to live with her. There was something, likewise, in her heart, which told her she would much rather have him at Berlin than traversing distant regions with Lindorf. Indeed the supposition of herself being the cause of the exile of these two friends was insupportable. "Let one, at least," said she, "remain happy in his own country." And thus to sacrifice, in part, her own felicity to that  
of

of the Count was, in part, to expiate her own wrongs, and to obtain her own pardon.

While Caroline thus meditated the Canonefs was not idle. All her reflections tended to find what might be the best means of re-uniting the husband and the wife. Several very natural ones presented themselves to her mind, and which might easily have been put in execution. Such, for example, as to have a letter written to the Count, inviting him to come to Rindaw; or to take Caroline to Berlin, under some feigned pretence, and there contrive Walstein should meet her; or, which might still have been better, to have reasoned with the young Countess, and, by degrees, induced her to a re-union, which she herself was too desirous of long to have refused. But all this was much too simple for the Canonefs of Rindaw, too trivial for the end of a romance,

in



in which she was quite in raptures to be one of the *dramatis personæ*. Surprise! Gratitude! Tears! Faintings! If these were wanting the scene must have been insipid. Read, therefore, what her prudent head imagined and brought forth.

One day (it was within a week after the letter of Caroline had been sent) the Canoness said she had long had a desire to visit her Chapter, and to pass some time there; "a duty," says she, "I have too long neglected, and which I wish once more to perform before I die. I will therefore set off to-morrow morning, and beg, my dear, you will accompany me." Caroline, surprised at so unexpected a resolution, represented, but in vain, that her age, her infirmities, the permission she had long obtained to live at Rindaw, all made this an unnecessary journey. The Canoness was so positive

Caroline

Caroline could not long contradict her. Beside that she herself really took pleasure in imagining a change of scene; it would retard her interview with her father, remove her for a time from a place which brought too many past incidents to memory, and thus relieve her melancholy. Another motive was added. Long had she desired to form an acquaintance with some young lady, to whom she could reveal her sensations and her thoughts, and who might become her friend. The Baroness of Rindaw, it was true, was a friend; but the respect ever preserved for a person by whom we have been educated, the great difference of age, and the infirmities which made her in continual dread of her death, and thus of being left in solitude, without a friend on earth, all increased an ardent desire to find another, whose soul and sentiments were correspondent to her own, whose age was nearly

nearly the same, and with whom she might freely speak, or to whom she might as freely write all she thought and all she felt.

“ This,” said she, “ would give a charm to the retreat in which I am doomed to pass my life. Ah! had I only such a friend as I can imagine, how should I love her, and how would she love me! She should live in my heart, and presently would I forget other and stronger passions; forget that the man to whom, had I known him better, or better known myself, this heart would have been wholly devoted, now wishes to possess no place there!”

When they sent her new books from Berlin, in which she found a correspondence between two friends, she would sigh, and sorrowfully say, “ poor Caroline, thou hast no creature, no friend, to whom thou mayest  
write

write all thou thinkest ! Thou hast no letter to receive !" This to Caroline was a real grief, and when the Canoness proposed the before-mentioned journey, she imagined she might surely find, in the cloister, young ladies of distinction, some one of whom would be worthy, would be capable, of friendship. At length, therefore, she very willingly yielded to the project of the good Canoness, and prepared for her departure on the morrow.

In these her schemes of future confidence and friendship, Caroline did not forget her precious manuscript and the letters, which were become the daily subject of contemplation; and still less her dear little picture, which never quitted her bosom, except to be kissed, and with which she every day grew more and more enamoured. Till the expected friend was found this picture held

the place of one, and was become the confidant of her most secret thoughts; to this she confessed all her regret and grief for having lost, past return, the esteem and friendship of its counter part; while the expressive, the comprehensive countenance seemed, though dumb and motionless, to hear, understand, and answer. The happiest moments she enjoyed were those in which this mute conversation passed.

Early the next morning the Cánones, Caroline, and their maids were in the carriage. The former was all chearfulness; she was ready first, and seemed to take excessive pleasure in the journey. As she saw nothing and had, therefore, no outward object to employ her thoughts, she talked much, and wanted a description of every place by which they passed. The first objects, after leaving the court-yard, were the pavilion,  
the

the window where Caroline first had seen Lindorf, the door through which he first had entered, and the road along which he had passed when he departed never to see her more. A little further were the turrets of the chateau of Risberg; they had passed the wood in which Caroline had wandered, and come to the park where Lindorf had leaped the barrier to meet her; the difference between her former and her present sensations was very great; her heart did not palpitate now, but it felt a painful contraction. Instead of fixing her imagination on places that might retrace an obliterated passion, or, at least, a passion remembered only with repentance and self-reproach, she turned her thoughts on the wrongs she had done her husband, and mournful was the reflection. We may rest well assured, however, Caroline did not lead the communicative Baroness to speak on such a subject. The journey

ney was performed without any accident, and her friend, infirm as she was, preserved her cheerfulness, though she no longer called her dear Caroline, but dear Countess, and that, too, at every instant. She often, attempted, likewise, to speak of the Count, but Caroline, more prudent, and restrained by the presence of the maids, equally fearing the Canoness might say too much or too little, took good care to turn the conversation on other subjects.

The place to which they were going was some days journey from Rindaw. Caroline supposed they were almost there, and was wishing to arrive just as she saw the coachman drive down an avenue that led to an antique and large chateau, the weathercocks of which she had perceived at a great distance. Caroline was surprised, and so told the Baroness, who, with significant satisfaction

in her countenance, answered, " the servants had obeyed her orders, for that she meant to call and visit a friend who lived there." Caroline had not time to ask questions concerning this friend, of whom before she had never heard mention made, for they were already in the court-yard. The Canoness called the footman, and bade him inquire if the *Count of Walstein* was there, and if two ladies of his acquaintance might have the pleasure of speaking with him.

Caroline could not believe her senses! " The Count of Walstein!" echoed she, with a cry scarce articulate. " Great God! Mamma! Did I hear you right! Where are we? Whither have you brought me?"

" We are at the chateau of Ronebourg," replied the Baroness, with infinite pleasure



sure, "and I have brought thee to thy husband, my dear."

Poor Caroline scarcely hears the end of the phrase: sense and feeling have forsaken her, and she drops, motionless, with her head on the shoulder of her imprudent friend! Her maid raises and sustains her, informs the Canoness of the fearful state into which Caroline is fallen, and calls for salts and hartshorn, which, in their flutter, are not to be found! And now the Canoness, in despair, repents, too late, of what she has done. Caroline continues lifeless, moves not, breathes not, betrays not the least sign of existence!

All this passed in the coach, and in the middle of the court, in the front of the chateau, while the footman was gone to deliver his message, and while the servants of the

## L I C H T F I E L D. am

the house went in search of the Count, who was walking in the park with Lindorf.—

Walstein is found, but cannot imagine who these unknown ladies are; for the Canoness, always in search of surprise, forbade the footman to give in her name, and the Count was very far, indeed, from imagining it was her, and his wife, from whom he had so lately received a letter. He, therefore, hastens to receive the ladies, and, followed by his friend, arrives. The first object he beholds is Caroline, senseless, with her lace cut, her hair loose, her bosom bare; they are lifting her out of the coach in which the Baroness sits weeping, and raving, and summoning the whole universe to the assistance of Caroline, of whose death she accuses herself, vowing not to survive her.

If a spectacle like this well might affect the Count, inexplicable and strange as it

must be, what effect may it be supposed to have had on Lindorf, who, the moment he saw, knew Caroline? Scarcely could he believe his eyes! Scarcely credit the strong emotions of his heart! "God of wonders!" cried he, as he ran up to the carriage, "can this be?" He could not doubt.

The livid paleness of Caroline, her closed eye-lids, the cries and groans of the Baroness persuaded him she had just expired, and he himself was presently almost lifeless. Walstein, who comprehended nothing of what he beheld, saw Lindorf reel, and just had time to catch him in his arms. He revives, and beholding Caroline still the same, in all the agonies of despair, exclaims, "It is she! It is Caroline! Your Caroline! My Caroline! Her whom I adored, her who now lies breathless, and whom I will follow to the grave!"

So

: So saying, he tore himself violently from the arms of Walstein, who stood speechless and confounded ! The exigencies of the moment recovered him from his stupor : he made way through the crowd of servants, whom the cries of the Baroness and the strangeness of the scene had drawn together, and went to the assistance of Caroline. Exposed to the open air, she had begun a little to recover ; her half opened eyes endeavoured to move, and her woman, seated on the ground, supported her till an arm chair was brought, in which she might be placed, and carried, more conveniently. The poor distracted Canoness, still in the carriage, paid dear for her imprudence ; she wept, exclaimed, called for the Count, and was unappeasable till they told her he was there, and that Caroline was recovering.

Too true it was. Walstein was there; but Walstein knew not whether all he beheld was or was not a dream. Caroline at Ronebourg, and brought thither with violence! For wherefore should she, else, be expiring at her arrival? Lindorf in despair, and fled, uttering words of dreadful import, that still resounded in the ears of Walstein. *It is she! It is Caroline! Your Caroline! My Caroline! Her whom I adored!*—*Ay!*—Caroline?—Was it Caroline, whom Lindorf loved; and by whom he was again beloved? The Count endeavoured to doubt, to persuade himself that his friend, distracted by grief, by the melancholy turn of his mind, had been deceived; but the Count could not so elude his fears.

Not the change which a year had made in the person of Caroline, nor that her present illness caused, could make Walstein  
mistake

mistake her. He silently fixed his eyes on her for some moments, then, kneeling at her feet, caught her hands, and pressed them with ardour to his lips. The eyes of Caroline moved, but not as they were wont. They had no intelligence: she knew not where she was, or whom that man might be she beheld prostrate before her. Unable to articulate a word, she gently withdrew her hands, joined them together, leaned her face upon them, and shed a torrent of tears. The Count, still kneeling by her, endeavoured to calm and convince her she had nothing to dread, but was disturbed by the repeated cries of the Canoness, who incessantly called for him, as she sat in her coach, and who began to be very impatient that he did not come. At last she called so loud that Walstein was obliged to leave Caroline and go to her. He went with the hope of learning what might be the meaning of this

strange adventure; but the poor lady was so affected, so agitated, and said so many things at once that to understand any one of them was impossible. The Count, beside, was himself in a revery. When he came up to the Canoness he perceived she was blind, and this was a new incident of information; he instantly recollected the blind relation of whom Lindorf had spoken, in his letter to Petersburg, and to whom the lady he loved devoted all her cares. Could he have doubted of the fearful meaning of Lindorf's late exclamations, this would have removed his doubts. Alas! they were certainties.

The Count helped the Baroness out of her carriage, and led her to Caroline, whom they had now seated in a chair; nor could she be convinced she was still alive till the dear girl said, with a feeble voice and a gentle

the mixture of reproach, "Ah! my dear Mamma, what have you done?" By little and little Caroline recovered her senses, but she was still so weak, and so ill, as to be wholly unable to walk; the Count, therefore, ordered them to bear her gently into the house, and, giving his arm to the Baroness, followed.

They concluded it was proper to put Caroline to bed; as she herself, indeed, desired they would. The Canoness was determined to remain with her, and Walstein, after having kissed her hand, which she no longer withdrew, retired from her apartment and hastened into that of Lindorf, concerning whom he was become very anxious. He entered, but no Lindorf was there; as he looked round the room, however, he saw a letter, lying sealed, directed to himself. He took it, opened it with emotion, and read



226. CAROLINE OF

what follows, which had been traced by a trembling hand, expressive of the great disorder of the writer.

“ A most strange, unexpected, and incomprehensible event has discovered the fatal secret which I meant to have borne with me to the grave. I was not master of myself; to behold Caroline dead, or dying, and to remain silent was beyond human possibility.—Yes, Walfstein, it is she, she herself, whom I adored without knowing, without imagining, you had the most distant claim to her. I call Heaven to witness that, the very moment I learnt she was yours, I fled with a determined and unshaken resolution never to see her more. How was it possible I might foresee that here, in this retreat, at my own house——Oh God! this only was wanting to fill up the measure of my crimes;  
“ to

“ to complete my fatal destiny; this, only,  
 “ of giving a new and incurable wound to  
 “ him I had before so irreparably injured!—  
 “ Yet, let me hope not. Oh, Walstein!  
 “ Caroline is a miracle! She alone is worthy  
 “ of you, and you the sole man on earth  
 “ deserving of her! May you be long  
 “ happy!— I will deliver you from a  
 “ wretched friend who seems to exist only  
 “ for your torment. One favour, only, let  
 “ me ask; it is the last; suffer your Lady  
 “ to remain ignorant that I have seen her,  
 “ and that you are privy to this my guilty  
 “ passion. Much am I deceived if she herself  
 “ do not soon inform you of it; she will  
 “ not long have any secrets for you. To  
 “ learn it from her own mouth will be a  
 “ most pleasing proof of her confidence  
 “ in you, and she will not suspect I have  
 “ been despicable enough to betray her  
 “ secret. Walstein! Caroline! Farewell!

“ Dear possessors of a heart alike torn by  
 “ love and friendship, for ever, farewell !  
 “ Forget, but do not hate, the miserable  
 “ Lindorf !

“ P. S. You will command, at Rone-  
 “ bourg, as at your own house ; I have left  
 “ orders for that purpose. When I come  
 “ to any fixed place of abode, I will write  
 “ once more, Walstein, that I may be cer-  
 “ tain you pardon me and are happy ; and  
 “ happy you certainly will be, since Caro-  
 “ line is yours.

“ I promise not to attempt my own life ;  
 “ but must live far distant from you both.”

This letter had been written with so much  
 haste and emotion that it was scarcely legi-  
 ble. Having once run it over, the Count  
 immediately went in search of Varner, the  
 valet

valet de chambre of Lindorf. His intention was to send him off, immediately, after his master, to intreat him to return; but he presently found this was impracticable. As soon as Lindorf had found his fears were false, and that Caroline was only in a fit, not dead, he instantly ordered his servants to saddle an excellent English horse, while he wrote the above letter, after which he departed full speed. He had told Varner to follow, with such baggage as was necessary, and meet him at a place which he himself would take care to indicate; recommended every possible attention and obedience to the commands of the Count, and his guests, and instantly disappeared, forbidding him to follow.

As soon as the Count found there were no hopes of overtaking him, at present, he made Varner promise to inform him, the  
first

first intelligence he should receive, where his master was; then again perused the letter, which brought tears into his eyes. Walstein now became impatient to learn what could have been the motive of this strange visit, and sent to know if he might speak with the Canoness in a private apartment. She came immediately, with the messenger, being as impatient to speak as the Count was to hear. After informing him the Countess was fallen asleep, "though," said she, "the catastrophe has not happened exactly as I could have wished, are not you exceedingly obliged to me, Sir, for having brought you Lady Walstein?"

"Before I can testify my gratitude, Madam, I must be certain she was not brought against her will."

"Against her will, my Lord! Surely you cannot suppose it! Against her will!

You do not know me. Do you think I would *force* the dear girl to any thing ? No; my Lord, she was quite pleased at the journey; nor has she been so cheerful for this many a day as she was on the road—Quite impatient to arrive!”——

“ This is very strange; unaccountably strange,” interrupted the Count. “ I imagined her fainting, her tears, what she said to you with a tone of reproach, were all”——

“ All amazement, at finding herself so unexpectedly here—The agitation of a first meeting—I know not what—Young persons are so timid. I own it would, perhaps, have been better to have prepared her for it; but then, on the other hand, where would have been the surprise ? And, if ever your history should be written, this will be  
the

the most interesting event in your whole life.

The Count, who knew not the romantic turn of the Canones, astonished at so strange a remark, gazed with wonder, requested an explanation, and learnt, at last, that, though Caroline was not brought to Ronebourg against her will, it was without her knowledge; which proceeding he was very far from approving, and as frankly told the Canones so, who excused herself by her ardent desire to see them united, and the fear of not succeeding so well by any other means. "Yet," said she, "had I supposed—But, I confess, I had totally forgotten all that."

"What! what!" replied the Count.

"Oh,

“ Oh, nothing—Nothing, nothing—  
 Something I must not mention ; though it  
 was certainly the cause of that fearful emo-  
 tion and fainting—But, a propos, my Lord :  
 I understand we are here at the house of  
 the Baron of Lindorf—that this seat is his  
 —’Tis true, I ought to have known it ;  
 but I mistook, or forgot, for my memory  
 is become so weak lately—I believed,  
 though I know not why, that Ronebourg  
 belonged to you.”

“ No, Madam ; but it is the same thing ;  
 I am at home, here ; the Baron of Lindorf  
 is my most intimate friend, and begged  
 me, in his absence, to command his house  
 and servants.”

“ In his absence ! What, is he absent  
 then ? ” “ He is,” answered the Count, who,  
 could he have smiled, have smiled he must,

at



at the prudent Canoness, who, with such simple cunning, told all she knew.

“ Absent! I am quite happy at that! It is the luckiest circumstance!”

“ Why, lucky, Madam?”

“ I—That is—I—Because—he will not be afflicted—I mean troubled”—

The poor lady knew not what to say; she was sorry to find she had thought aloud, tho’ that was by no means a new thing with her, and she trembled lest she had discovered a secret which she supposed it was of the utmost importance carefully to keep. The Count increased her embarrassment.

“ You mean to say, Madam, the Baron has avoided the ceremony of receiving strangers;

strangers; he not having the pleasure of being acquainted with you?"

Notwithstanding she wished to do it, the Canoness could not tell a falsehood, with that intrepidity the occasion seemed to require.—“No—Yes—That is—we are not wholly unacquainted; he happened to be one of our country neighbours; his estate of Risberg joins to mine, at Rindaw, and we used to see him every day: nay, indeed, he is, as I may say, one of our friends; though I think him a little given to change—a rover.”

Walstein, who thought the Baroness and this conversation very singular, was going to defend Lindorf, when repeated cries from Caroline's bed-chamber alarmed him. She had just awaked in a burning and delirious fever; and every symptom indicated the beginning

beginning of a very serious and dangerous illness. Her maid, whom she did not know, unable to hold her, was obliged to call for help. The Count, deeply affected, went up to her bed, out of which she absolutely would get. "Let them take me back to Rindaw," said she; "I won't see him, he will kill me; I will depart alone, on foot; I will fly, to avoid him, to the world's end."

Her imagination, at other moments, full of Lindorf, made her take the Count for him; and, pushing him from her, she conjured him to fly; reproaching him for being the cause of all her misery. Then, again thinking she spoke to the Count, she exclaimed, with the utmost tenderness, "Oh thou whom, for my happiness, too late I have known, thou whom I love, whom I shall ever love wherefore dost thou fly me?"

But

But I will follow, will supplicate, will force thee to see and hear me."

Knowing only so much as Walstein at present knew, it was impossible he could suppose Caroline thought of him while she spoke last, or of Lindorf in what she had said before. But, afflicted as he was for himself, he was still more so for Caroline. He would not leave her, but remained in her chamber all night, after having, with much intreaty, prevailed on the Canoness to sleep in another apartment. Caroline continued in the same agitation and delirium. The Count, mean time, sent to the nearest town for the best physician the place could afford; and, likewise, sent a courier, post, to Berlin, for the first men in the profession. He also thought it prudent to send for the High Chamberlain; but, not wishing to alarm him, he only said, in his letter,

he

he intreated him to come, immediately, to Ronebourg, on an affair of the utmost importance.

The Count never quitted his post, by the bedside of Caroline, except when obliged, and then reluctantly. At day-break the country physician arrived, and Walstein was greatly alarmed at perceiving his ignorance. He pronounced it to be the small-pox, though the Canoness affirmed Caroline had had it in her infancy, at Rindaw, and even told where pock marks remained, which put it out of doubt. Her fever and delirium increased, and on the third day she seemed to be in the utmost danger. Imagine what were the feelings of the Count, thus removed as he was from all efficacious aid; for, let the courier make what haste he could, it was impossible the physician from Berlin should arrive before the seventh or eighth

eighth day. These were days of cruel anxiety to Waltem; they were passed in momentary dread of seeing her he adored expire. Her sickness, by increasing his feelings, increased his attachment: the assiduous and tender cares he bestowed on her, the patience and gentleness she discovered at those intervals when she was not delirious, the character her maids gave her, and the real grief they shewed, certain proofs how deservedly she was beloved, all strengthened his affection. To the dread of losing her was added the reproach of being himself the cause of her sufferings. He was convinced the stratagem made use of to bring her thither, which was equivalent to violence, her dread of living with him, her passion for Lindorf, and the natural struggles of love and duty, had thus endangered and might rob her of life. In one of these moments of grief, affection, and remorse, prostrate

trate at her bedside, he took a solemn oath, should Heaven be pleased to preserve her from the grave, be his sufferings what they might, to make her happy.—“ God of mercies !” said he, with hands upraised to Heaven, “ Save this unfortunate victim of tyranny and love ! Deign to hear the vow I make of resigning her to the man who possesses her heart !”

Caroline was incapable of understanding, or, perhaps, she would have intreated him to have been less ready to yield her to another ; but she had lain totally senseless during the last four and twenty hours. Happily, the King’s first physician arrived that night. He did not dissimble the extreme danger in which he found the patient, and his whole dependance was on her youth. He administered, however, such assistance as had been too long delayed, and said that if she out-  
lived

lived the ninth and thirteenth days he then should have some hope ; but till they were past could not pretend to give any.

The Count, though a prey to the most severe affliction, was obliged to dissemble his feelings ; for the Canoness suffered so fearfully that her inquietudes were not the least of his distresses. The loss of her sight made it easy for those who had no respect for truth to impose upon her ; but not for Walstein. Her questions were incessant, and she was never satisfied unless she heard the most exact and circumstantial account. After he had been carefully attending on Caroline, and, overcome with fatigue, had retired to take a little repose, she never failed either to come to him or send to beg he would come to her. When he was absent it was with the utmost difficulty they could keep her from Caroline, whom she



might disturb but could not aid ; the Count was the only person who had any power over her, and she was never satisfied unless he was conversing with her. Thus was Walstein often torn from the pillow of Caroline, though he was wretched if he trusted her but for a moment to the care of others. He supported all this with that patience, fortitude, and mildness, of which he alone was capable, and thought himself well rewarded for all his pangs by the melancholy pleasure of watching the most adorable of women. Then it was he felt a real gratitude towards the Canoness for having brought her ; for he supposed her present illness had a more remote cause than the agitation her arrival had occasioned : this might have hastened its crisis, but he attributed it wholly to her passion for Lindorf and her affliction at the supposed impossibility of union. In this conjecture every circumstance

France confirmed him, and her determination to pass her whole life in retirement was not the least. Again and again did he read the letter he had received from her, and in it could perceive nothing but a continued sacrifice of love to duty. *Solitude has nothing fearful for my imagination; on the contrary, it is the boundary of my wishes.* — “No, dear Caroline,” said he, “thou deceivest thyself; or rather virtue deceives thee. I were the most barbarous, worst of men, were I longer to remain an impediment to the happiness of two people to me equally dear, and who, for my sake, are both descending to the tomb. O Caroline! O Lindorf! Wherefore do you not hear me? Wherefore may I not this moment bestow you on each other?”

Neither did he doubt but that her tender exclamation, *Alas! I have no regret but that*

*of not having made the first of mankind happy!* was, at least, as much addressed to Lindorf as to Walstein! — “Happy,” said he, “sovereignly happy, ought to be the man whom thou preferest; and happy he shall be.—Can I flatter myself with being this man? Oh! no; too well I know the contrary. But should it be too late, should Caroline be torn from us, should remorseless death prevent the reparation I owe her, ah! what must then become of me!” —

The thought was distracting, and yet this thought was every moment renewed.

The High Chamberlain did not arrive till the day after the physician; nor, perhaps, would he have been there so soon had not the letter of the Count found him ready to set off for Rindaw; he, therefore, had only to take a different road, and see at once his son and daughter; though this, or the  
cause

cause of his being sent for, he little suspected. His coming happened to be on one of the days of crisis. Walstein had not left Caroline a moment, and, in his anxiety, had wholly forgotten his father-in-law, when the latter, but half informed by the servants, from whom he had only heard that the Count was with his Lady, entered the chamber precipitately, saying aloud, as he opened the door, "My daughter, the Countess of Walstein, here, and I not know it! Where is she, that I may embrace her?"

"Alas! my Lord, behold where she is;" answered the Count, pointing: "she seemed something better, and we began to hope—But I doubt lest your entrance"—

In fact, the patient, disturbed at the noise, opened her astonished eyes, looked round her, saw herself in a strange apartment, her

father and her husband both by her bedside, knew them, and, unable to support so many emotions at once, fell into a more alarming delirium than she had ever been in before. The physician came and insisted every body should leave the room, and the Count conducted the High Chamberlain, in the midst of his consternation, to the apartment of the Canoness. Unable to remain long absent from Caroline, he left them together, hoping, at least, that the Baron would release him from the care of attending on the Canoness; but this hope was of short duration. Scarcely were they alone a minute before they mutually began to reproach each other. The lady that she had been so long left ignorant of the marriage of her dear pupil, and the high Chamberlain that she had not informed him of her having undertaken this journey. Thus, proceeding from complaint to complaint, and from one cause

cause of vexation to another, they at last were both so angry, and spoke so loud, that the Count was obliged to go and keep the peace. He found them both highly irritated, and reciprocally saying the most bitter things; though still calling each other, from habit, My dear High Chamberlain and My dear Baroness!

It is possible that, at some moments, such a scene might have been amusing; but not with Walstein's present temper of mind. He endeavoured to put an end to it, and re-establish harmony, which he could no otherwise effect but by recalling to mind their former passion, at the recollection of which the poor Canoness melted. The High Chamberlain was not quite so soft; but the Count having reminded him of the obligations he had, and *might* still have, to his friend, he was, almost immediately, so

moved that he could not express his feelings; he went up to his dear Baroness, and begged her to excuse his warmth of temper; was sorry, very sorry, exceedingly sorry; while she with dignity and affection gave him her hand to kiss, telling him he abused the power he had over her. After the High Chamberlain had devoutly paid his respects to this once fair hand, peace was restored, and the Count returned to his beloved patient.

Where is the reader who is not by this time acquainted with the character of Walstein? Who will not easily imagine, although it be not circumstantially related, the deep affliction of these his days of incertitude and dread? The more he thought the greater were his terrors; and, during the latter part of this severe illness, he could not leave his Caroline, day nor night; he  
never

never quitted his arm chair, which was placed by her bedside; and if, at some moments, over-wearied nature exacted a short and painful sleep, he soon waked and started, with the mortal dread of no more finding her who was now become the only object of his thoughts. The thirteenth day at length arrived, which the physician declared was to be the crisis of her fate, and a dreadful day it was. The Count wished singly to support its horror; he neither told the High Chamberlain nor the Barones that, perhaps, at midnight, their friend and daughter would be no more. He determined to sit up alone with her; and oh! how ardent were the prayers he sent up to Heaven for her relief! With what agonizing affection did he press that feeble and burning hand to his lips and to his heart! How often did the tears swim in his eyes while fixed on those of Caroline, to which



the fever still gave motion, and which, perhaps, ere morning would close eternally.

This last crisis was so violent that the alarmed physician said nothing less than a miracle could make her live over the day. The distracted Count, sunk in grief, unable longer to sustain the sight, or to tear himself from the dying Caroline, had still the farther pang of being obliged to prepare the father and the friend for the fearful catastrophe. He had so continually endeavoured to comfort them, and inspire hope, that, far from suspecting, they were lulled into a kind of security which must render the information tenfold horrid. The Count had promised to inform them how Caroline was, but, terrified himself at what he had to communicate, he stopped, for some moments, in the anti-chamber, to calm his own mind and collect all his fortitude. "Ah,"  
thought

thought he; "if this unfortunate father feels, as I do, all the weight of remorse; if to the recollection of having sacrificed his daughter her death be added, how may he support his sorrow!—Oh! my Caroline, thy executioners weep, and thou diest! Yet wilt thou not die unrevenged; for, sure, the torments I suffer, are far worse than death."

While he was thus hesitating, the valet de chambre of Lindorf, seeing him, came up hastily, and told him he wished to speak to him; he had received a letter from his master, who was waiting for him at Hamburg, whence he was to embark for England. Varner intended to set off that very night, and only waited the commands of the Count. Instead of giving an answer, Walstein stood silent; absorbed in thought little short of distraction: at length, sud-

denly starting, he bade him wait, and went into his closet, without himself knowing what he intended.—

“ Write to Lindorf ! And at a moment like this ! What shall I say to him ? Shall I take the dagger, reeking from my own heart, and plunge it into my friend’s ? Shall I desire him to return, only that I may behold him expire on the tomb of her he adores ? Yet,” said he, with instantaneous recollection, “ might not Caroline, might not love work a miracle, which, perhaps, is reserved for love alone ?—Were there but time !—If Lindorf were but present !—God of Heaven ! who hearest my prayer, grant yet a few days, and Caroline, perhaps, may be restored !”

However vague might be the hope, that, just then, seemed to enlighten his imagination,

tion,

tion, he listened to it with pleasure, and, snatching up the pen, instantaneously wrote the following words :

“ Lindorf, wait not a moment ; set off ;  
 “ travel day and night ; should you not  
 “ meet me, come immediately here ; and,  
 “ if meet me you should, I shall have some-  
 “ thing to communicate.—We shall never  
 “ return to Ronebourg more.

“ EDMUND COUNT OF WALSTEIN.”

The Count himself took this short letter to Varner, commanded him instantly to set off, never to stop, except to change horses, and, as he hoped for future favour or affection, not to mention a word of the illness and danger of the Countess, fearing lest the dreadful tidings might wholly incapacitate Lindorf for the journey. Should he have the misery to lose Caroline before  
 the

the arrival of Lindorf, and to survive her death, Walstein was determined to go and meet him, that they might together leave this land of wretchedness and despair, and, in a foreign country, together bear, together endure, their griefs and their regret.

This was destined to be a day of trial to the Count. As he was returning to see how Caroline did, a letter was brought him which had just arrived. At any other time the very sight of the hand writing would have inspired pleasure. It was his sister's, the young Countess Matilda, from whom it was long since he had heard; and, impatient as he would have otherwise been, he was then so wholly lost in sorrow that he opened the letter almost mechanically; yet, having read, it was impossible to remain insensible to its contents.

Dresden,

Dresden, October 14, 17—

“ I have been assured my dear brother.  
 “ is returned, yet cannot believe the in-  
 “ telligence true: I know his heart, it  
 “ would soon have brought him to his poor  
 “ Matilda, or he certainly would, at least,  
 “ have written to her, and his letter, and  
 “ the certainty he was no longer in another  
 “ country, almost another world, would  
 “ have been some little consolation. Ah!  
 “ my dear brother, how many sorrows have  
 “ I known while you have been in that  
 “ vile Russia!—What would you have said  
 “ if you no more had found your poor  
 “ sister?—For, I assure you, I would ra-  
 “ ther die a thousand times than ever con-  
 “ sent to their wishes. The Baron de  
 “ Zastrow is a fine young gentleman, an  
 “ amiable person, polished manners, and  
 “ adores me.—With such like discourse am  
 “ I persecuted from morning till night.—

And,

256 CAROLINE OF

“ And, if it all were true, what would  
“ that be to me? The Baron de Zastrow  
“ is not the Baron of Lindorf; and, there-  
“ fore, is nothing—nothing to me.

“ Alas! my dear, my tender brother,  
“ you see your sister knows how to love,  
“ knows how to be constant, and that her  
“ levity is not in her heart. But ah! that  
“ levity is all vanished; that flighty mirth,  
“ concerning which you checked me so  
“ much, when you were here, and which  
“ made you suspect I had no affection, is  
“ all gone. I preserved it as long as I  
“ could, because sorrow is no cure for love,  
“ and is, beside, very troublesome; and,  
“ being determined, certain of the love of  
“ Lindorf, of your support, and my own  
“ fortitude, I thought I had nothing to  
“ fear. I now find my error, and my only  
“ hope is in my dear brother. The Baron  
“ teizes

“ teizes me, my aunt torments me, and  
 “ Lindorf writes to me no more; nay,  
 “ even you, my brother, seem to have  
 “ adandoned me; but into your arms I  
 “ throw myself; to you I appeal for suc-  
 “ cour and support. Come and protect a  
 “ passion to which you gave birth, and  
 “ which never, while I have life, can end.  
 “ Is it not to you that I owe my dear Lin-  
 “ dorf? Remember how often you have  
 “ said to me, my dear sister, love Lin-  
 “ dorf, love him as you do me. And  
 “ oh! how willingly did I obey your in-  
 “ junction! For I love him, not only as I  
 “ love my brother, but, as the man with  
 “ whom, of all the men on earth, I would  
 “ wish to live and die.—I will not believe  
 “ his silence is any proof either of incon-  
 “ stancy or forgetfulness. You were on  
 “ your return, and he did not know by  
 “ what means to send me his letters. No,  
 “ I will



" I will not add to all my other griefs that  
 " of suspecting Lindorf; for that is an  
 " affliction I certainly could not find strength  
 " to support.

" Adieu, my dear, dear brother.—Ah!  
 " did you see your poor Matilda, you would  
 " not know her; she neither laughs nor  
 " sings, but cries all day long, nay, seems  
 " as if she would not much longer be pretty;  
 " her cheeks are not now as round as an  
 " apple and as red as a rose, as you so often  
 " have kissed and called them.—Ah! re-  
 " turn, return, my brother, and give me  
 " back all I have lost. If you come, my  
 " cheerfulness, my felicity, my love, and  
 " the roses of my cheeks will all come with  
 " you.—Ah! would you were married!  
 " With what joy should I leave this place  
 " to live with you and your lady! And  
 " why are you not? Make haste then and  
 " get

“ get married, and make two poor girls  
 “ happy, your wife and your . . .

“ MATILDA.

“ P. S. Once more let me conjure you  
 “ to come to Dresden, there to defend and  
 “ preserve me for your friend, for the man  
 “ of your choice and of mine, or I will not  
 “ answer for what may happen.”

“ Merciful providence!” said the Count,  
 as he ended, “ must every sensation that  
 ought to add to my felicity become my tor-  
 ment!”—He deferred answering his sister’s  
 letter, and reflecting on her situation, till  
 he could find a more tranquil moment, if  
 such he might ever find, and once more  
 entered the chamber of Caroline, where all  
 former ideas were effaced at the sight of  
 what he beheld. The Canoness, out of pa-  
 tience that the Count returned not, had  
 obliged

obliged them to lead her into the sick chamber, where, unable to see, she had seated herself at the side of Caroline, had taken one of her hands, and was intreating and conjuring her to give some sign of life and recollection. But Caroline, feeble, inanimate, and apparently surrounded by the shades of death, answered not, made not the least motion, while her unhappy friend yielded to all the dreadful sensations of horror and despair.

On the other side of the bed stood their two maids, weeping, and a little farther, the High Chamberlain, sunk silent in an arm chair, with his hands spread over his face, and overwhelmed with grief. For the first time in his life, he felt that riches and honours were not sufficient to make his child happy. The physician, in equal consternation, sat by his side, a mournful spectator  
of

of this scene of sorrow, and without apparent hope of ever recalling Caroline to life.

The sight, as the Count entered, the different attitudes and behaviour of the different persons, made him conclude that all was over, and that the most angelic of women was no more. All fortitude and philosophy now forsook him, his icy blood froze in his veins, and seemed to give him hopes he soon should follow; he flung himself on the bed of death, and fixed his lips on the cold lips of Caroline without perceiving that she still breathed. "Dear and beloved victim," said he, rising with distraction, "thou soon wilt be revenged."

The Count was going to quit the room in all the phrenzy of remorse and despair, which might, perhaps, have induced him

to

to make some rash attempt upon his own life, had he not been intercepted by the High Chamberlain and the physician. The latter assured him the Countess was not dead, and that he had not even lost all hope. "She lies at present," said he, "in a kind of trance, the natural consequence of the fearful struggle she just has had, and she will pass from this state into a sound sleep, which will decide her fate; for, if she awakes, I can then pronounce her recovery more than probable; but, considering her present weakness, I must own I think her awaking very uncertain.

"Oh God of benevolence!" exclaimed the Count, looking with fervour up to Heaven, and afterwards clasping the physician's hands, "is it possible! Sir, is it possible!—May she still live? Can my fortune, can my life suffice?"—

"At

“ At present Sir, my art is useless, and every other human aid ; to nature we must leave her, and to that constitution which must have been naturally good, or she would have been dead before this. The cares of the lover and the husband may be more efficacious than mine ; to those we will commit her. Come, Sir,” said the physician, turning to the High Chamberlain, “ go to your apartment, and set your son an example of fortitude.”

They were about to quit the room when another strange scene of affliction and death drew their attention. Well might they have been surprised at the silence of the Canoness, while all this passed ; but, alas ! the poor lady, whether her powers were too weak to resist the terrors of the moment, or whether Heaven had ordained that to be the period of her life and infirmities, a sudden stroke

of apoplexy had, unperceived by every person in the room, seized her; she was reclined on one of the pillows of Caroline, weeping, as they had imagined, but most unable to weep, though some signs of life still remained. The servants instantly carried her into her own apartment, and every immediate assistance was given, but ineffectually; she expired in a few minutes, without ever recovering her senses.

An event like this might well draw off attention, for a while, from the first object of their grief. The Count, himself, for a moment, in new astonishment and affliction forgot the old; but, suddenly recovering recollection, he envied the Barons, whom he thought more happy than himself in not being able to survive the friend she loved.

As for the High Chamberlain he stood wholly astound. To the sorrow of losing his ancient mistress was added the fear of following her; he was the oldest of the two, and her sudden death had so much affected him that he imagined he had only a few moments to live. To behold, in the short space of ten minutes, his daughter expiring, her husband ready to attempt his own life, and his friend actually give up the ghost, might well terrify an old man who was tenacious of life in proportion to his attachment to his great wealth and high dignities. He every moment repeated, "I feel I am very ill!"

Walstein, roused by accumulating terror to recollection, saw the illness of the High Chamberlain was not dangerous, yet recommended him to the physician's care, left the corpse of the Canoness to that of her women, and, after having shed tears of sincere affec-



tion to the memory of her who had educated Caroline, and whose friendship for her had apparently brought her to the grave, he again entered the apartment of his dying lady. He sent away the attendants, and approached her bed with feelings that seemed the harbingers of horror. Caroline still continued in that kind of stupor or profound trance in which he had left her; the excessive tranquillity of her sleep was terrible; a motion of the bosom, almost imperceptible, was the only proof she still was alive, and this motion Walstein imagined he every instant saw diminish. As he sat beside her bed, the tears fell from his eyes, unperceived by himself; incessantly did he place the downy feather on her lips to find whether she yet respired; and so doubtful was it that he raised his hands to Heaven, and instinctively exclaimed, "Why, O! why, cannot I die, also!" Sometimes he fixed

his eyes on her pale, yet ever charming, face, the features of which still preserved their enchanting form, and felt sensations of love, grief, and regret, so forcible that the most beautiful women in the bloom of health seldom have inspired their equal.

“Angel of bliss,” said he, pressing his lips to one of her hands, “pure and celestial spirit, and shalt thou die then, and never know how infinitely thou art adored by the cruel husband who has been thy assassin! Shalt thou die without pardoning him, without knowing that thou thyself mightest still have been happy!—And thou, wretched Lindorf! where, where art thou, now, while thy Caroline is expiring? Thou mightest have restored her to life; and, by yielding her to thee, to thee should I have been indebted for more than mine, also!”

Then would he rise, after meditations like these, so overwhelmed with affliction as to be absolutely without any distinct ideas; and, almost upon the verge of distraction, would walk around the chamber with phrenzy in his countenance; till, suddenly recollecting himself, with reproach for having an instant quitted her, fearing lest her last sigh should escape and he not present, again, with impetuosity would he approach. And thus was passed this dreadful night, which, notwithstanding all he suffered, appeared to him very short. The rays of morning were the messengers of terror, the fearful moment approached, and the sentence of the physician was continually present to his imagination; incessantly sounding in his ear, *If she awake I can, then, pronounce her recovery more than probable; but, I must own, I think her awaking very uncertain.* This dreadful incertitude was every moment

moment increased, for her sleep, while it was lengthened, seemed every moment more profound, so that, at last, he no longer had the least hope.

While the Count was standing in this state of dread and despair, he heard her respiration suddenly increase, approached, and saw her breast begin to heave; and, presently, a deep sigh, almost a groan, escaped. —Ah! It is her last! —So fears Walstein. The dreadful moment is arrived! He utters an inarticulate cry, throws himself on the bed, and clasps her in his arms, as if to snatch her from the grasp of death, or himself die with her.

But Oh! blest surprise! Oh happiness unhoped! It is not an inanimate corpse; it is a living creature! that moves and endeavours to aid itself! The head, that hung helpless, attempts to rise; the extended arms

approach each other; the bloodless cheeks  
 and lips once more assumed the feeble tints  
 of reviving nature; and her eyes, which he  
 thought for ever closed, now gently roll.—  
 Caroline lives! Caroline breathes, looks  
 around, tries to recollect herself, and fixes  
 her attention on the Count, with somewhat  
 of astonishment, but without the least indi-  
 cation of fear; no, it was with a gentle  
 smile, such as the awakened infant gives its  
 affectionate mother. She stretches out one  
 hand, which he with rapture receives!—  
 Oh! who may paint his feelings!—In a  
 moment did he pass from the brink of  
 distraction to the heaven of bliss! Bliss he  
 scarcely could conceive real! His whole soul  
 is in his eyes, that, voracious, devour every  
 motion of Caroline; he presses his hand to  
 her heart, kneels at her side, and exclaims,  
 again and again, in a delirium of joy, “*If  
 she awake, her recovery is more than pro-  
 able*

*bable*—"Oh! God of mercies! Oh! Caroline! Art thou, art thou restored to us? Speak, dear Caroline; speak but a single word; convince me, let me hear thy voice, tell me, is it possible thou canst have recollected that husband—I mean that friend, who would but exist to render thee happy."

"Yes, Sir," said she, faintly, "I recollected you perfectly; there is no other person on earth who is capable of so much kindness, so many cares, and of such unshaken generosity!—But where am I? Where are we?—At whose house?—For that I cannot recollect."

"Dear Caroline, think of your health; think only of your health, for our sakes, and be tranquil; you are at the house of a friend, yes, a friend, Caroline; but let me intreat you not to speak; permit me to call the physician."

He was going to ring the bell, but Caroline stopped him by laying her hand on his arm.—“Only one word, Sir, and I have done. I promise to be docile, but I must ask you—Where is my dear Mamma, my friend? Where is the Canoness? Is she well?—How unhappy must she have been on my account!—And my father? I have some confused recollection of having seen him, somewhere, not long since.”

“He is here; and you will see him again, as soon as it is proper.”

“But my dear Mamma?”

“She has left us.”

“Then she is at Rindaw, I hope?”

Infinitely as Walstein detested a falsehood, yet, this was no moment to hesitate; the life of Caroline was at stake. “Yes,” said he, seizing the clue she had given,  
“she

“ she is at Rindaw, undoubtedly ; have no fears for her ; she is well, she is happy, she is ignorant of your present danger.—But, dear Caroline, let me conjure you to think only of your own recovery, and how much the safety of all your friends depends on that ; I am sure this, to you, will be a sufficient motive.”

He rang, a servant came ; he gave orders to call the physician, drew the curtains close, sat down by the bedside, and, notwithstanding the excess of his joy, was silent. And now, even at this happy moment, did the tender and preventive Walstein begin to revolve how he best might execute the melancholy task of preparing Caroline for the death of her friend, so as to give her the least affliction possible. The thing first and most necessary was to conceal it from her till she had fully recovered her strength.



While he was thus reflecting, the physician entered and confirmed all his hopes. The pulse, though very feeble, was excellent; every unfavourable symptom had disappeared, and recovery was certain, provided proper care was taken. This must be incessant; but could this be wanting while Walsstein was present?

"Caroline is so good, so generous," said the Count, "that she herself, I am sure, will be wholly obedient to your injunctions. Duty, friendship, love, all are suppliants; certain of being favourably heard by her sympathetic and affectionate heart."

"Yes," said Caroline, softly, "do not fear, I will do every thing I am bid."—A tear that started to her eye proved how much she was affected by the tenderness of Walsstein, and she was going to have added  
more

more had not the physician imposed silence. The Count and he went out together, and the physician insisted on the absolute necessity of concealing the death of the Canoness from Caroline; for the least emotion, he said, must indubitably have the most fatal effects. The Count shuddered at the supposition, and, immediately, went with him to the High Chamberlain to consult the means of concealing this event. A long sleep, out of which he had just awaked, had somewhat dispelled his late fears of death, and the resurrection of his daughter gave him still higher hopes; especially when he remembered, which he very expeditiously did, she was certainly left the sole heiress of her friend. The Count, fearing some imprudence on his part, and no way averse to rid himself of a man whose cold and selfish character gave him continual disgust, endeavoured to persuade him that eti-

quette required he should accompany the  
 corpse of the Baroness to Rindaw, and  
 there see the last duties of humanity per-  
 formed. This gloomy ceremony was not  
 at all to his taste, but Walstein, desirous  
 of determining him to go, told him that  
 the will of the Baroness was, no doubt, in  
 favour of his family, and that his own in-  
 terest required him to be present at Rindaw,  
 where this will must be left, to take pos-  
 session of the lands and wealth bequeathed.  
 This was so unanswerable an argument, to  
 the High Chamberlain, that he never at-  
 tempted to make another objection; he only  
 required to see lady Walstein, for thus he  
 always called Caroline, before his departure.  
 They therefore concluded to tell her that  
 the High Chamberlain was going to Rin-  
 daw, to inform the Baroness of her recovery;  
 and, when he was there, it would be easy  
 to prepare Caroline, by degrees, in his  
 letters,

letters, for the melancholy news of her friend's death.

Her father, therefore, was introduced into her chamber, where he told her, after his manner, how happy he was to see her so well, and to leave her with a husband to whom, and for whose cares and attentions, she could not be too grateful: on which occasion he informed her of circumstances she knew not before; and when he told her the Count had neither undressed himself nor once quitted her chamber for several successive nights, the tears swam in Caroline's eyes, and, with tenderness and remorseful recollection, she said, "Oh my Lord! how superior, how noble is your mind! Ah! what would you do for a wife whom"——

She durst not add "*whom you should love,*"

*love*," and the Count gave a very different interpretation to her break; he added "*qu'on* could love you." And thus did two hearts, naturally so concordant, mistake each other, and prepare themselves new vexations, new torments. Every time that Caroline, uneasy for the health of the Count, conjured him to take rest, and protested she did not want assistance, he, persuaded she desired his absence, imagined that, to a good and feeling heart, the kind attentions of love it could not return were, each, a dagger wounding Gratitude: and this painful, this distracting thought would sometimes make him abruptly leave her, which she, on her part, attributed to indifference. Each, passionately in love and convinced they were not beloved, attributed all those actions to generosity, or to friendship, at the utmost, which sprang from a very different sensation:

tion. But let us not anticipate ; return me to the High Chamberlain.

We have beforetime seen he was not scrupulous to excess, concerning telling the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, on certain occasions ; he, therefore, so well played his part that his daughter, very unsuspectingly, a thousand times thanked him for his kind attention to her dear Mamma, and a thousand times intreated he would make haste to Rindaw. And so many affecting expressions did she use, concerning that dear friend, who no longer existed, that Walsstein, unable to suppress his feelings, intreated her to speak no more, but to recollect the severe injunctions of the physician.

“ Well, well, I will be silent, only tell her, my dear father, that it is for her, for her

her alone, and to see her, once again, Caroline wishes to recover. Tell her, also, that the most generous of men"——

He stood by her side, and interrupted her by gently laying his hand upon her lips.— She was prompted to have given that dear hand a kiss; nay, the first motion was made, nor do we know by what fear she was restrained, nor what her feelings precisely were. We only know a slight tremor seized her, and that the Count, perceiving it, was far from imagining its true cause. He hastened the High Chamberlain away, and saw him get into the post-chaise with pleasure. The corpse of the Canoness was to follow by night, and her women, and the servants she had brought, to which were added others by the Count, were to escort it: Caroline's maid and footman staid at Ronebourg to attend on their mistress.

The

The physician, whose affairs required he should not long be absent from Berlin, was desirous to return; but the Count, however, by his earnest entreaties, and the liberality of his presents, prevailed on him to stay a few more days, and not to quit his patient, while the most distant possibility of danger or relapse remained. Nor was this a distant period, each new day bestowed new strength; already she began to sit up, and to walk across her room, leaning on the arm of the Count. Her recovery, at length, could no longer be doubted, and the doctor departed for the capital, rewarded, beyond his hopes, for his skill and care.

And now behold the Count, alone, at Ronebourg, with his Caroline.—His Caroline?—Was she his? Alas! he durst not regard her but as the sacred pledge, the deposit of friendship. His last short letter to

Lindorf



Lindorf was recollected; the lover must soon arrive, and should he send for this unfortunate lover only to make him a witness of the woman he adored being in the possession of another? And must Caroline, the tender-hearted Caroline, whom the struggles of passion had brought to the brink of the grave, must she see him again, again to lose him? No; Walstein never had so cruel a thought. More and more determined not to violate the oath he so solemnly had pronounced, when he beheld her dying, but to break the arbitrary chains that had bound her his, and unite her to Lindorf, he only waited the arrival of the latter to inform them both of his generous intentions, and the happiness he was preparing for them. Fearing, however, lest the excess of this happiness might, at present, be too much for Caroline, he would not abruptly tell her all he meant to do; neither would he lay  
that

that grateful, that affectionate, heart under obligations which would be too oppressive; still less would he suffer her to suspect the pangs his own heart felt in thus renouncing, thus yielding, her to another. "She believes, at present," said he, "she owes her life to me, and, I know, would willingly sacrifice that life to my happiness; but, no, dear Caroline, no, never such sacrifice will I exact; I, I alone wish, I alone ought, to suffer, nor shalt thou ever suspect how infinitely I should be miserable; never shalt thou imagine how ardently I adore; friendship only shalt thou see, even when affection is the strongest; and if I, in return, may obtain thine, if I may make thee and Lindorf happy, shall I be so wretched as I suppose? Oh! Caroline, Caroline; yes, strange paradox! I feel I may be wretched even while I am virtuous!—To yield thee to another and not to die I must no more behold, no more have intercourse with thee!"

And

And according to such suppositions did Walstein form a plan of conduct from which he promised never to depart, till the arrival of Lindorf. Not daring to trust the health of Caroline with any other, and unable, himself, to abstain from the pleasure of administering those aids that might restore her to health, he still continued them with all his former assiduity; but he took care seldom to be alone with her; or, if so, by chance, he found himself, he took up a book and read, or played on the flute, of which he was a master, to amuse her. And when he read, and when he played, there was such sensibility, such passion in every tone, in every sound, that the melting soul of Caroline was all rapture. Her mind, more susceptible by her late sufferings and present recovery, which gave a new charm to every object, became each day, each hour, more and more attached to that amiable

able husband, so kind, so complaisant, so deserving of being beloved. Her inclination for Lindorf had but given latent passions action, had but roused sensibility and dormant love, of which, till now, she had only felt the sorrows and the remorse; but, at present, authorized by duty, it had a charm, a fascination; the words happiness, love, and husband, were united, and she could not-but hope he loved her, and had granted her pardon. Never did she tire of making her maid repeat the various proofs of affection he had shewn, during her illness; the nights passed in watching over her; the despair so frequently visible when he supposed her recovery impossible; while each circumstance augmented passion till love seemed unbounded, although she durst not give it an epithet more tender than gratitude.

Attentive

Attentive to the least actions of Walstein, to every motion, and every word, she was not long before she remarked the uneasy constraint he laboured under, and the care he took to avoid all private and particular conversation, relative to themselves. At the very beginning of her recovery he had told her his friend Lindorf was on the road, that he would not be long before he would arrive, and that he, in the mean-while, had his house and servants at his disposal. The best of motives was Walstein's, when he gave Caroline this information; but she, too weak, at that time, to enter into explanations, could not hear the name of Lindorf, and, especially, his intended return, without a painful sensation, an inquietude sufficiently evident, which but confirmed the Count in his suspicions and intents. She, on the contrary, supposed he meant to try her; and, therefore, was the more confused.

How

How often did she, afterwards, reproach herself for not having seized the opportunity of the moment to open her heart; for not confessing her former and her present sentiments! Yet had she a right so to do? When Lindorf fled and sacrificed himself for Caroline, might Caroline be permitted to risk the loss of his friend; to rob him of a protector; who, at last, might tire of an attachment which, to him, had been so fatal?

To these reflections others were added, by which she was restrained. How might she be the first to tell the Count she loved him, while she doubted of his love for her, and while this doubt every day increased? His present conduct was the very reverse of what it had been, during her illness; and she knew not how to account for either the one or the other.—“If he love me not,” thought she, incessantly, “whence that mor-

tal dread of losing me? Whence that despair which had nearly deprived him of life? Or wherefore those raptures, so affecting and so dear to memory, on the hopes of my recovery? Still I behold his tears of joy, still I hear those expressions so kind, so affectionate, which love alone could dictate.— But wherefore are those expressions heard no more? Or why, now I am able to hear and answer, is he silent? Wherefore does he avoid me thus? Alas! it was compassion which agitated his capacious and benevolent mind, and which I misinterpreted love; and now, pity gradually decreasing, resentment succeeds—Oh! my Lord and husband, didst thou but know my heart, my love, my repentance, surely thou wouldst not remain unmoved; surely thou wouldst pardon, nay, perhaps, mightest love and we might still be happy.”

Then did she bestow her kisses and her tears on the picture which her woman had taken from her neck, when she fainted, on their first arrival; and which had been carefully concealed. This picture she had asked for at the beginning of her recovery, and it was become to her the most precious thing on earth. At length, unable any longer to support incertitude so distressing, she resolved to oblige the Count to come to some kind of explanation, by testifying her own desire to quit Ronebourg. Nor was this desire feigned; with regret she saw herself in a place she had so many reasons to dislike, and which so continually brought to recollection an error she could not pardon herself. What the Count had said, likewise, concerning the return of his friend, alarmed her. She could not comprehend the motive of this return, but, be it what it might to be found at Ronebourg would



be equally painful to him and her. She knew not how far the Count's knowledge of former transactions extended, for he neither spoke of Lindorf, himself, the letter he had received, the letters he had written, his design to travel, nor of the place where he intended to leave Caroline. In fact, he was wholly silent. Unremittingly employed, by his endeavours to amuse and please her, his attentions were the attentions of love, his language the language of indifference. Sometimes, when he read a passage of sensibility, or played an affecting movement on the flute, the tears of sympathy would stand in both their eyes; but, the moment the Count saw those of Caroline, he would tear himself away, that he might conceal emotions he could not always conquer.

Then would Walstein bury himself in the reclusive forest covert, or shut himself up in  
his

his cabinet, that he might freely utter his complaints, and vent feelings by which he was oppressed.—“Happy Lindorf!” would he say; “thou knowest not all thy blifs; knowest not my losfs. Come, Oh! come, and dry the tears of Caroline, which flow at thy remembrance, that I may behold her happy ere I die!”

Sometimes he would reproach himself for suffering her to remain ignorant of her approaching felicity; for not saying to her, Lindorf, the regretted, the beloved Lindorf, shall be your husband. But how might he say this, unless he were more certain he could fulfil his promise? Lindorf came not, wrote not; and how if death, sparing Caroline, had struck his friend! How, if Lindorf was no longer a living being! His blood froze at the thought—“Merciful God!” said he, “thou heardest my

prayers for Caroline; Oh! hear them, also, for my friend! Let him return, let him be happy, and I, only, miserable!"

The situation of his sister was an additional grief. Deceived by her cheerfulness, her levity, which was but the levity of infancy, and mistaken in the perseverance of her character, he had supposed her love for Lindorf very feeble, and that the Baron de Zastrow would presently efface the fleeting sensation. But her letter shewed him his error, proved her passion real and lasting, and wounded him to the heart for having given it birth, unable as he was, honourably, to give it consummation. Matilda, like himself, was in love, and, like himself, was wretched; he knew he had but to intimate a wish and Lindorf would marry her, would thus ascertain to him the possession of Caroline; Lindorf would re-  
fuse

fuse him nothing, and Caroline was too much attached to her duty for him to doubt she would any longer testify her former repugnance. But it was not for Walstein to selfishly take advantage of the generosity of others, and abuse the power gratitude gave. Not his own, no, not his sister's happiness would he thus acquire ; nor, indeed, was happiness possible, unless it were mutual. The supposition of her being united to a man whose heart another possessed was not to be borne ; he, therefore, resolved, without explaining a secret which not only required too circumstantial a relation for a letter to contain, but, by coming so suddenly, might have a fatal effect, to prepare her for the loss of Lindorf, and, therefore, thus he wrote :

Ronebourg, October.

“ Yes, dear Matilda, I am returned ;  
“ your brother and your friend again are  
“ yours ; and, surely, you know, by sym-  
“ pathy you know, his sentiments are ever  
“ the same. They are a part of his being,  
“ and fraternal love, the most mild, most  
“ durable of all love, is not liable to  
“ change ; but, on the contrary, a thou-  
“ sand circumstances and considerations  
“ ought to continue and increase it. The  
“ friend which nature first gave us should  
“ have the first place in our affections. I  
“ did not think, dear Matilda, it was pos-  
“ sible I should love you more than I ever  
“ have done ; yet your last letter has in-  
“ terested me so much that it seems to  
“ have produced this effect. No longer do  
“ I love a sweet little girl because she is my  
“ sister, and because she is amiable, but  
“ I now find a friend, a tender friend,  
“ whose

“ whose feelings I participate, to whom I  
 “ am obliged for the confidence she reposes  
 “ in me, and who, in return, merits mine;  
 “ for I, like her, have need of council and  
 “ consolation.

“ Ah! Matilda, your brother's pro-  
 “ spects of happiness are as few as yours.  
 “ Yet, if I am not deceived, I hope, by  
 “ affording each other mutual aid, by  
 “ uniting our reason and our fortitude, we,  
 “ perhaps, may rise superior to the misfor-  
 “ tunes that threaten us, and create a spe-  
 “ cies of happiness for ourselves, founded  
 “ on self-approbation, and the grateful re-  
 “ membrance of having sacrificed our own  
 “ felicity to the felicity of our friends.—  
 “ You understand me not. Well, then, I  
 “ will explain myself, as far as the bounds  
 “ of a letter will permit. The circum-  
 “ stances, and they are many, shall be re-

“ lated when we meet, which will be ere  
 “ long.

“ My melancholy story, Matilda, is more  
 “ similar to yours than you imagine. I,  
 “ like you, love, and with no less violence ;  
 “ and I am of a sex that has not the  
 “ habit of holding the impetuous emotions  
 “ of passion in due subjection. My love  
 “ is unbounded, and yet—Be you the judge  
 “ whether it becomes me to renounce it.  
 “ I need but speak a word, a single  
 “ word, and the woman I love is for ever  
 “ mine ; but must I seek my own happi-  
 “ ness at another’s expence ? Her heart is  
 “ not mine. The man she loves is worthy  
 “ of that distinction, and his passion equals  
 “ hers. On me, and me only, it depends  
 “ for ever to separate or unite them. Alas !  
 “ dear Matilda, how feeble are reason and  
 “ virtue, where the heart is subject to the  
 “ imperious

“ imperious mandates of passion ! Only  
 “ imagine that the brother of Matilda is  
 “ undetermined what to do ; yet, I hope,  
 “ he will not disgrace his sister. But Oh !  
 “ my dear, my tender friend, I stand in  
 “ need of your support ; to be sustained by  
 “ your fortitude, nay, perhaps, by your ex-  
 “ ample. Tell me, were you in my place,  
 “ how would you act ? And that you may  
 “ the better decide, the better feel for me,  
 “ suppose that you yourself were in the  
 “ same precise situation ; suppose it to be  
 “ Lindorf you love who is beloved, whose  
 “ destiny is in my power, and that I may  
 “ bestow on him, or for ever deprive him of,  
 “ the object of his passion and mine. Ah !  
 “ Matilda, already I hear you pronounce  
 “ sentence ; I see my dear and tender sister  
 “ set me an example of fortitude and gene-  
 “ rosity ; she rejects such partial happiness  
 “ which to herself must bring remorse, and

“ to



“ to the man she loves regret, grief, and,  
 “ perhaps, detestation.——Regret ! my  
 “ dear Matilda ? The happy mortal who  
 “ possesses thee ought to have far different  
 “ sensations ; nor will I ever present thee  
 “ to one who knows not how to esteem thy  
 “ worth, and who cannot love thee, and  
 “ thee only.

“ And why may not the Baron de Zaf-  
 “ trow be this happy man ? Why may not  
 “ he love thee ? Thou wilt answer, and I  
 “ acknowledge, it is equally necessary thou  
 “ shouldest love likewise. I shall shortly  
 “ come myself, and, perhaps, shall find  
 “ thou hast been too severe in thy judg-  
 “ ment. Thou seemest to own he is hand-  
 “ some, amiable, and adores thee. These  
 “ are no common advantages, Matilda ;  
 “ and, remembering how highly thou wilt  
 “ please thy aunt—Yet be not terrified, I  
 “ first would know whether he deserves  
 “ thee ;

“ thee ; and if thou really canst not love  
 “ him ; for, if so, thou art free. - Yes, I  
 “ promise thee, no earthly power shall force  
 “ thy affections, while I exist.—Take  
 “ courage, therefore, my dear girl, if Love  
 “ should have pangs in store for thee,  
 “ Friendship, I hope, may alleviate them ;  
 “ for my own part, I will not complain  
 “ while in my sister I find a friend. Lin-  
 “ dorf is in England. Do not expect any  
 “ letter from him ; but I hope he will soon  
 “ return, and then I shall immediately come  
 “ to Dresden, shall then open my whole  
 “ heart, and then shall read thine. Shouldest  
 “ thou persist in refusing the young Baron  
 “ I have another proposition to make,  
 “ which, perhaps, may please thee better.  
 “ It is to come and live with a brother, who  
 “ loves thee, till thou shalt have made ano-  
 “ ther choice. But, whatever thy design  
 “ may

" may be, rest assured thou hast a friend  
 " whose affection cannot be expressed.—  
 " Adieu, dear and lovely Matilda, thou, I  
 " feel, mayest yet heal the wounds of my  
 " heart. Adieu, and think me ever the  
 " most affectionate of brothers.

" EDMUND, Count of Walstein."

With this letter he sent another to his  
 aunt, Madam de Zastrow, in which he told  
 her that certain reasons obliged him no more  
 to think of the union of his sister and his  
 friend; and that, therefore, he should be  
 happy could she be induced to favour the  
 Baron de Zastrow; but he conjured her not  
 to be precipitate, and by no means to use  
 the least violence. He further said he should  
 soon come to Dresden, and intreated his  
 aunt not finally to dispose of his sister till  
 his arrival.



